COLLEGE DAYS AT GEORGETOWN AND OTHER PAPERS

BY J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN

COLLEGIVM · GEORGIOPOLITANVM · 1789 ·

COLLEGE DAYS AT GEORGETOWN

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Southeast View

MC.22

College Days at Georgetown

AND OTHER PAPERS

BY

J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN, LL.D.

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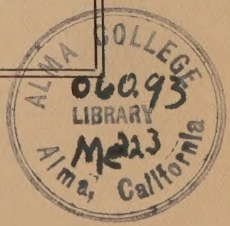

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CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF PRESIDENTS OF THE COLLEGE

[R. D., *i.e.*, Reverendus Dominus. R. P., *i.e.*, Reverendus Pater.]

R. D. Robertus Plunkett . . . . . a. 1 Oct. 1791.
R. D. Robertus Molineux . . . . . a. 14 Junii, 1793.
R. D. Ludov. Dubourg . . . . . a. 1 Oct. 1796.
R. D. Leonard Neale . . . . . a. 30 Mart. 1799.
R. P. Robertus Molineux . . . . . a. 1 Oct. 1806.
R. D. Guliel. Matthews . . . . . a. 10 Dec. 1808.
R. P. Francise Neale . . . . . a. 11 Dec. 1810.
R. P. Joannes A. Grassi . . . . . a. 1 Oct. 1812.
R. P. Bened. Fenwick . . . . . a. 31 Jul. 1817.
R. P. Anton. Kohlmann . . . . . a. 1 Oct. 1818.
R. P. Enoch Fenwick . . . . . a. 16 Sept. 1820.
R. P. Bened. Fenwick . . . . . a. 15 Sept. 1822.
R. P. Steph. L. Dubuisson . . . . . a. 9 Sept. 1825.
R. P. Guliel. Feiner . . . . . a. 8 Jul. 1826.
R. P. Joannes G. Berchter . . . . . a. 31 Mart. 1829.
R. P. Thom. F. Mulledy . . . . . a. 14 Sept. 1829.
R. P. Guliel. McSherry . . . . . a. 25 Dec. 1837.
R. P. Josephus A. Lopez . . . . . a. 1 Jan. 1840.
R. P. Jacobus Ryder, V. R. . . . . a. 1 Maii, 1840.
R. P. Jacobus Ryder . . . . . a. 17 Sept. 1843.
R. P. Samuel A. Mulledy . . . . . a. 10 Jan. 1845.
R. P. Thom. F. Mulledy . . . . . a. 6 Sept. 1845.
R. P. Jacobus Ryder . . . . . a. 6 Aug. 1848.
R. P. Carolus H. Stonestreet . . . a. 1 Aug. 1851.
R. P. Bernardus Maguire . . . . . a. 15 Aug. 1852.

LIST OF PRESIDENTS

R. P. Joannes Early . . . . . a. 4 Oct. 1858.
R. P. Bernardus Maguire . . . . . a. 1 Jan. 1866.
R. P. Joannes Early . . . . . a. 14 Jul. 1870.
R. P. P. F. Healy, V. R. . . . . a. 23 Maii, 1873.
R. P. P. F. Healy . . . . . a. 31 Jul. 1874.
R. P. Jacobus A. Doonan, V. R. . . . a. 25 Jan. 1882.
R. P. Jacobus A. Doonan . . . . . a. 17 Aug. 1882.
R. P. J. Havens Richards . . . . . a. 15 Aug. 1888.
R. P. Joannes D. Whitney . . . . . a. 3 Jul. 1898.

INTRODUCTION

A HALF promise to one of the Jesuit Fathers, made without hesitation, but perhaps not without rashness, is mainly responsible for bringing to light the following pages. Undertaken merely as reminiscences of the days of my own student life at Georgetown, I had no sooner begun to write before the plan widened into a sketch of the College. But such a sketch required historical research and exceeding care, and imposed upon me rigid scrutiny of the little-understood legal status of the ex-Jesuits in Maryland and the District of Columbia during the years of the suppression. Two or three chapters, consequently, had to be indited before I could get down to the task proper which I had set for myself, of personal recollections of college days from 1851 to 1862.

In my earlier years I was acquainted with several old Jesuits, such as Fathers McElroy, Fenwick, and Stonestreet, who had made a thorough study of everything connected with the history of the College, and from them I derived much information on the subject. The mind of one of those gentlemen

was a sort of chronological map and Noah's ark, not only of every important place and fact and person in the annals of the College, but in those of the State and Colony of Maryland from the beginning. The Jesuits came in the first expedition of Calvert, and Father Fenwick could tell you about them all, and their vicissitudes from St. Inigoes to Georgetown,—their trials, sufferings, and final triumph, whereby they made Maryland the Land of the Sanctuary, and, greater still, they made their mission the corner-stone of the solid edifice of the Catholic Church in the United States. The history of the Jesuits in colonial Maryland has not yet been written, but the lost chapter, I am happy to learn, may yet be rescued from the moth and rust of time, and even now, by research in Europe and America, is in course of systematic preparation.

He who examines the earliest landmarks of Catholic colonization in North America must be struck by the singular influence of opposite causes in promoting and retarding its growth. Catholic navigators were the first explorers of the rocky shores and primeval forests of New England. Cartier and Champlain, with the Franciscans and Jesuits, planted the lilies of France within the present northeastern boundaries of the United States many years before the arrival of the Puritans at Plymouth Rock. The Catholic names of rivers and lakes sufficiently denote the religion of the discoverers

who first adventured into those northerly regions. Leaving out of view the Spanish settlements to the southward, the last vestiges of which were swept away in the recent Spanish-American war, among the rival European nations contending for dominion in the New World, France was the first to reach that precise point on the Atlantic coast which afforded the only practicable entrance to the vast interior portion of the most important division of North America. But the explorations of Cartier and Champlain proved but a stage and resting-place in the march of French discoveries. Within fifty years from the time of the arrival of the first settlers from Europe, those fearless pioneers, the French Jesuit missionaries, had discovered the sources of the Mississippi, explored its principal branches, and taken their daring way down the channel of the mighty river itself to where it empties its resistless tide into the Gulf of Mexico. Before the close of the seventeenth century a continuous chain of French posts and missionary establishments extended over a vast empire,—from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi. Allouez, Joliet, Marquette, and La Salle were the first European pioneers of the West, and, although mighty cities and States have grown up in the regions first trodden by those daring Catholic explorers, two of whom were Jesuit missionaries, and the sceptre has passed to another

race, their names are imperishably connected with the country as its discoverers. One of them was the first white man that ever reached the Father of the Lakes, another discovered the sources of the Mississippi, while still another completed the work by reaching its mouth, and, being shipwrecked on the shores of Texas, settled there and made Texas a French discovery and "a part of Louisiana."

This is not the place to inquire into the causes of the overthrow of New France, or the triumph of the Pilgrim Fathers who came to Maryland on the Ark and the Dove. French colonization, although it ended in failure, furnishes the most splendid story of Christian heroism since the days of the Apostles. But the modest Jesuit mission in Maryland took root, and through tribulation and feeble beginnings became the germ of the American Catholic Church of to-day. George Calvert was as far in advance of his age as Shakespeare himself. His Charter received not its full interpretation until the Declaration of Independence, nor the Toleration Act of 1649 its flower of maturity until the passage of the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom in 1785. The torch of faith, though quenched in the blood of Brébeuf, Jogues, Rasle, and other Jesuit martyrs in the North and West, was kept alive in the South by White, Copley, Altham, and their successors. Shall I say, certainly I am unable to

deny, that Catholic indifference furnishes the humiliating answer to the question of the eloquent Read,—"Why is the Rock of Plymouth classic ground, while old St. Mary's and St. Inigoes, the primal seats of civil and religious liberty, are known but to an occasional wanderer?"

The Jesuits of the North and West succumbed before race and sectarian antagonisms after England had finally overcome France in America. The English and Irish Jesuits of the South, speaking the same language as the victors, and acknowledging the same allegiance, though persecuted for their faith, struggled on till the germ planted by Calvert and White fructified in the rays of American freedom.

In the preparation of this little book, excepting the historical retrospect, wherein it was necessary to rely upon the testimony of others, I have observed carefully the limitations incumbent upon an eye-witness. My reminiscences are of people and events known to me personally. Many original letters of distinguished Jesuit Fathers were before me while I was writing. Some of them I have presented in the text, the first time they will have been published. I am conscious of omissions incident to the running pen of a reminiscent. In sketching the history of an extended period at beloved Georgetown, the precursor of all Catholic colleges in the United States, and the fostering progenitor

of many of them, I have depended rather on general outlines than a detailed narrative of current events. There is a sameness in the topics of every-day college life, and it is better, therefore, to group them, and avoid, if possible, the prosaic and commonplace.

Perhaps these reminiscences may awaken a spirit of inquiry among my fellow-alumni, and other pens may be enlisted in the revival of memories of other decades at old Georgetown. Every witness will probably have something to tell of his own day at the College, original letters, or other documents and testimonials to contribute of magnates of the house, such as I have included in the following pages; and thus in time a body of interesting facts may be brought to light and perpetuated. I think it was Benjamin Franklin who said that every fact is like a new-born babe, the future importance and destiny of which it is impossible to foretell. Let us gather together those chronicles of Alma Mater while contemporary witnesses still survive, and with pious hand rescue from the grave of forgetfulness what may be worthy of preservation.

COLLEGE DAYS AT GEORGETOWN

CHAPTER I

THE JESUIT PIONEERS OF ENGLISH AMERICA

THE cradle of Georgetown University was the Indian school taught by Father Andrew White, S.J., at St. Mary's City, Maryland, in 1634, several years before the founding of Harvard by the Puritans. This was the year of the landing of the Ark and the Dove at St. Mary's under Leonard Calvert, brother of Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore.* Father White, founder of a new spiritual empire in this country, out of which has grown the Catholic Church in the United States, planted the first seeds of the present flourishing institution at Georgetown when he translated into the Indian tongue a grammar, dictionary, and catechism for use among his neophytes of the Yaocomoco tribe of St. Mary's. He not only taught and converted Indians, but he

* During the voyage out "two Catholics, Nicholas Fairfax and James Barefoot, died."—Relatio Itineris.

tells us in his "Relatio Itineris" that in addition to hundreds of the natives, nearly all the Protestants who had come out in the first expedition, as well as some settlers from Virginia who found their way across the Potomac to St. Mary's, were converted to the Catholic faith.

The generally received opinion is that only two priests, White and Altham, accompanied the first Pilgrims to Maryland, but Archbishop Carroll, in his "Narrative of the Establishment of the Catholic Religion in Maryland and Pennsylvania," mentions others; and Bishop Benedict J. Fenwick, in his "Brief Account of the Settlement of Maryland, with a Notice of St. Inigoes," speaks of several Fathers or Lay Brothers in addition to White and Altham. When these two accounts were written, certainly the former of them, the "Relatio Itineris" had not yet been discovered at Rome by Father McSherry. Father White's statement, that two Jesuits, himself and Father Altham, sailed on the Ark and the Dove, would settle the question of the exact number, if silence dictated by persecution had not made it a rule of that age to keep the names of Catholic priests as much in the background as possible.

In a notice of Father White in the first volume of the "Woodstock Letters" it is stated that Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, applied to Father Blount, first Jesuit Provincial of the Eng-

lish Province, and to the General of the order at Rome, Father Mutius Vitelleschi, for some members of the Society to go out in the first expedition in order "to attend the Catholic planters and settlers, and to convert the native Indians." That the number sent exceeded two is probable, as Kilty, in his "Landholder's Assistant," pp. 66–68, says that Thomas Copley, known on the mission as Father Philip Fisher, took up lands, claiming that Fathers White, Altham, and their companions had been sent over by him.

In fine contempt of human glory tney obliterated themselves under aliases, and were mindful only of the work of the missions. In tracing them out with difficulty for his "Collections," Rev. Dr. George Oliver says, their "names are written in the book of Eternal Life;" and Mr. Henry Foley with extraordinary industry gathered in his "Records of the English Province," especially in that part of it relating to Maryland, the many assumed and real names of the missionaries whose only concern was "the greater glory of God." His book is the recognized key by which the self-effacement of the early Maryland Jesuits may be partially deciphered for purposes of identification.

A statue of Andrew White, the pioneer, whose catechism, dictionary, and grammar furnished the primal weapons of church and school in English

America, should rise at Georgetown College. He was the first founder. The title-deeds of the University begin with him. From the hour of its inception the school was always under Jesuit auspices. It started at St. Mary's in 1634; passed to Calverton Manor under Father Thomas Copley, *alias* Philip Fisher, and Mr. Ralph Crouch in 1640; to Newtown Manor under Father Michael Forster and Brother Thomas Hothersall, *alias* Slater, an Approved Scholastic, about 1677; to Bohemia Manor, probably under Father Thomas Poulton, about 1745;* to Georgetown Heights under the auspices of Father John Carroll in 1789. The hope of erecting the school into a college was entertained even from the beginning, when Fathers White and Poulton ascended the Potomac to Piscataway, and went from Kittamaquindi to the wigwams of the Anacostans, a few miles farther up the river. The Anacostan tribe inhabited the region now known to the whole world as the District of Columbia. Father Ferdinand Poulton, *alias* Brock, in 1638 wrote to the Jesuit Provincial in England asking leave to establish a college in Maryland. The Provincial, Very Rev. Edward Knott, S.J.,

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* United States Catholic Historical Magazine, vol. i. p. 71. Some Early Catholic Grammar Schools, by Rev. William P. Treacy. Dr. J. G. Shea's Catholic Church in Colonial Days, p. 404.

answered this application in 1640, and said, "The hope of establishing a college which you hold forth, I embrace with pleasure; and shall not delay my sanction to the plan, when it shall have reached maturity."*

Father White is called the Apostle of Maryland. To this title should be added that of *pater familias* of Georgetown University. His statue there would be truly a sermon in stone or bronze, combining the dignity of real history with the amenity of ideal landscape. Let it rise on the College campus in lofty proportions, fashioned by hands as nearly approaching the plastic skill of those of an Angelo or Canova as the age possesses. The first century of formative growth is past; the second should bring the fine arts and Saturnian times at Georgetown.

Sir George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, was the only other English Catholic in that age of intolerance with still more ample titles than Father White to the gratitude of posterity. An eminent statesman, fired with the ambition which usually accompanies talents of the first order, he overcame "that last infirmity of noble mind" by joining the Catholic Church when it was a sinking cause in England, under the ban of royal interdict, and

* United States Catholic Magazine, vol. vii. p. 580. J. G. Shea's Catholic Church in Colonial Days, p. 56.

closing against himself the avenues to a court of which he was an acknowledged favorite. Planting a colony in America in the interest of Catholics, in spite of the well-meant opposition of the most influential adherents of the ancient faith in England, with the celebrated Father Robert Parsons, S.J., at their head, Lord Baltimore became the first of the law-givers of ancient or modern times to found an asylum of free conscience, where persecution was punishable by statute and love of God was not measured by hatred of man who differed in religion from his neighbor.

The English Catholics had essayed two or three other attempts prior to that of Lord Baltimore to establish colonies in America. The first of these was that of Sir George Peckham and Sir Thomas Gerard, two Catholic knights, who proceeded with circumspection, for Elizabeth or Jezebel was queen. They obtained a royal patent June 11, 1578, in the name of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a Protestant friend, as it would have been perilous, if not beheadable, for any Catholic to apply directly. But concessions and restrictions so mingled in this Elizabethan grant that the two brave Catholic gentlemen, to whom Sir Humphrey had assigned substantial rights, boldly petitioned the queen's principal secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, for better "lycens to travell into those counteris, their to remaine or returne back to Englande at their will and pleasure,

when and as often as nede shall require." No answer can be found of record, but Father Parsons afterwards said that the queen and council gave their consent with jeers and laughter, as an easy mode of getting Catholics out of the country. "The papists hope," said Tichbourne, the government spy, "it will prove the best voyage for England that was made this forty years."

The expedition of five vessels, after many drawbacks, at last set sail June 11, 1583, just five years after the patent was issued. Sir Humphrey Gilbert commanded, and two hundred and sixty persons embarked. Entering the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, July 30, they took possession in the queen's name, and sailed thence for Norumbega, the proposed place of settlement, held generally to be the present State of Maine, although Professor Horsford, in a recent paper, claims that Massachusetts was Norumbega. After passing Cape Race the principal vessel was lost. Sir Humphrey turned back dismayed; but shipwreck also overtook him, and the remnant of the expedition, after many hardships, reached England. A Spanish captain rescued some of those who clung to the masts of the first vessel lost, and brought them back to their native land.

Peckham was the first Catholic among the English who sought to plant a colony in America of whom we have any account. But his Catholic

fellow-countrymen no longer shared in his hopes. In 1605 Winslade, who had served in the Spanish Armada, strove to collect together the Catholic refugees who had fled out of England and were scattered at several points upon the continent of Europe. A second expedition of Catholics to America was projected by him. Father Parsons, perhaps the ablest writer among the English Jesuits in the time of Elizabeth, opposed this project, and dissuaded many of his co-religionists who still remained in England from taking any active interest in Winslade's scheme. But during the same year two eminent Englishmen organized a further expedition to the New World, which, like that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, is generally believed to have been under Catholic auspices. These were Sir Thomas Lord Arundell, of Wardour, a Catholic, and his brother-in-law, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, a Protestant, and son of the patron of Shakespeare. Publicity was avoided owing to the prejudice against Catholics, but on the 5th of March, 1605, the ship Archangel, commanded by Captain Weymouth, set sail on its voyage to the West.

Among the intending planters was one whom historians mention as James Rosier, doubtless a Jesuit Father, who, to save his relatives from danger and Captain Weymouth from the penalties of the statute denounced against those who harbored

"popish priests," concealed his identity under an assumed name. He was employed to come out to America, as he himself informs us, "by the Right Honourable Thomas Arundell, Baron of Wardour," a true Catholic gentleman. After the Jesuit custom, Mr. Rosier wrote an account of the expedition, which he entitled "A True Relation of most Prosperous Voyage made this Present Yeere, 1605, by Captain George Weymouth, in the Discovery of the Land of Virginia." This is the only account of the expedition now extant. It has the flavor of the missionary: "We supposing not a little present private profit, but a publique good and true zeale of promulgating God's holy Church, by planting Christianity, to be the sole intent of the Honourable settersforth of this discovery." The Archangel reached the coast near Cape Cod in May, soon after touched at Monhegan, to which Captain Weymouth gave the name of St. George's, anchored at Booth Bay, which he styled Pentecost Harbor, and ascended the Kennebec River.*

At this period Father Parsons issued a tract against such expeditions, entitled "Judgement about transferring Englishe Catholiques to the Northern part of America." He argued that the king and council would oppose the scheme, and without their approval Catholics could not sell

* J. G. Shea's Catholic Church in Colonial Days, p. 26.

their estates and leave England. Thus, rich Catholics would imperil their property by going out of the kingdom, and poor ones could not go without the rich. He pointed out that Spain, Flanders, and other governments, jealous of English colonizers, would obstruct such expeditions, and pressed his objections so ingeniously that Lord Arundell was discouraged, and relinquished the project which Captain Weymouth was carrying out so prosperously in his voyage to New England, then called, by Mr. Rosier, Virginia.

But a third experiment, first the voyage to Avalon and next the expedition to Maryland, was entered upon a few years later by a man in whose vocabulary the word failure would seem not to have been found. This was Sir George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore. "The charter of Maryland," says William George Read, "the undoubted production of his pen, is the fair and lasting monument of his wisdom and his virtues. His military exploit may be lost in the blinding blaze of England's martial glory; his sacrifices to conviction may be merged in those of her myriad martyrs; but his charter shall endure on our statute book so long as the blue firmament of the American flag shall sparkle with the brilliant beams of the Maryland star." I think it is peculiarly fitting to place a likeness of this truly great man, who sent the Jesuits to Maryland, in a little volume relating

SIR GEORGE CALVERT

First Lord Baltimore

to a college which those same Jesuits founded. The New York antiquarian bookseller, the late Mr. Joseph Sabin, procured this picture in London, and informed me that connoisseurs considered it a good one. I purchased it from him shortly before his death.

When the Pilgrims of the Ark and the Dove reached the Potomac they came to anchor near an island which they named St. Clement's, probably that now known as St. George's. The first mass was there celebrated on Lady-day, the 25th of March, 1634. Father White was filled with joy, and says in his "Relatio Itineris," "On the day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the year 1634, we celebrated the first mass on that Island; never before had it been offered in that region." In this opinion he was in error. Over a century earlier—that is to say, in 1526—mass had been offered up repeatedly by Dominican Fathers at Guandape, on James River, Virginia, and again it had been often celebrated on the Rappahannock River, Virginia, by two Jesuit Fathers in the year 1570, sixty-four years before the mass was said on St. Clement's Island by Father White. Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon was the first European to reach Virginia. He came out with a numerous colony in 1526, under a patent obtained from the Emperor Charles V., entered the Capes and Chesapeake Bay, ascended the

James River, and planted his colony at a place where a village named Guandape was built, almost on the identical spot selected eighty-one years afterwards by Captain John Smith and the English explorers sent out by the London Company in 1607 to plant their colony and build a town, to which they gave the historic name of Jamestown. Fathers Anthony de Montesinos and Anthony de Cervantes and Brother Peter de Astrada, all of the Order of Saint Dominic, accompanied Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon to Virginia. They became the first resident priests, erected a chapel, and offered the holy sacrifice daily from the summer of 1526 to the spring of 1527, when a malignant fever broke out among the colonists, which carried off the commandant, Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, and led to the abandonment of the colony. These Spaniards were the first Europeans who entered the primeval forests of the Old Dominion. The survivors set sail under Francis Gomez, the second in command, for Santo Domingo.*

The Jesuits were the next to arrive in Virginia. On the 10th of September, 1570, just thirty-eight

* The profound historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in his learned history, The Catholic Church in Colonial Days, pp. 104–107, gives an elaborate array of authorities in relation to this the first colonization of Virginia. The chief historians cited by Shea are Navarrete, Father Cervantes, Fernandez, Melendez, Charlevoix, Touron, Valladares, and Helps.

years before the coming of Captain John Smith, several Jesuit missionaries settled on the banks of the Rappahannock River, where, for six months, they celebrated mass and preached the gospel to the Indians. These men were Fathers Segura, S.J., and Quiros, S.J. (the former was Vice-Provincial of Florida), and the following Scholastics and Lay Brothers: Solis, Mendez, Redondo, Linares Gomez, and Zevallos. They built a chapel and a rude dwelling on the banks of the river, and labored zealously among the red men until the month of February, 1571, when their treacherous Indian guide led a hostile band of savages among them, and a general massacre followed, only one escaping, Alonzo, an Indian boy, a convert to Christianity, much attached to the missionaries. This youth was concealed by a friendly native, and later carried intelligence of the massacre to the Spaniards. An investigation laid bare the ghastly details. Father Quiros and Brothers Mendez and Solis were slain on the 14th of February, 1571, and Father Segura and the surviving Brothers on the 18th of the same month.*

The first blood of white men shed in Virginia was that of these martyrs in the cause of religion,

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* Jesuit Missions in the United States, p. 16, by Father J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. Dr. J. G. Shea's Catholic Church in Colonial Days, pp. 149, 150.

which gave to the "sacred soil" a higher claim to that title than the civic exploits, however noble, of its subsequent heroes. Southern historians and chroniclers may permit me, a native Virginian, loving the grand old State ardently, as every true son should love such a mother, to offer a hint that their strange omission to mention the Dominican mission on the James, and the Jesuit mission on the Rappahannock, leaves an historical hiatus, which should not be allowed to disfigure future narratives.

It was only the other day that one of the most respectable Protestant historians, of Massachusetts, Mr. George C. Ellis, frankly admitted that the celebrated Puritan hero Captain Miles Standish, of Plymouth Rock, whose praises Longfellow has sung, may have been after all a good Roman Catholic. He used to go away quietly to Canada at regular intervals, Mr. Ellis informs us, in order, it is conjectured, to make his confession, and thus equip himself the better to govern the Puritans, after having been shriven by a French Jesuit.*

* The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, by George C. Ellis, 1888. This recent work, remarkable for historical research, contains the following interesting statement respecting Miles Standish: "Our historians have long recognized something unexplained in the relations between the famous, peppery-tempered—but for his prowess invaluable—military captain, Miles Standish, and the Pilgrims at Plymouth. He had followed their fortunes from his

Magna est veritas. Why conceal these things? If true, they are bound to be found out. But our most distinguished historical writers are not obnoxious to my criticism of some Virginia chroniclers. Such men as Irving and Bancroft, and the Protestant Bishop Kip, of Albany, have not hesitated a moment to tell the truth about the early Jesuits.

"Greater devotion to the cause than theirs," says Dr. Kip, "has never been seen since the Apostles' days." Warming to his subject, he thus expresses himself in the preface to his interesting work, "Early Jesuit Missions in North America": "There is no page in our country's history more touching and romantic than that which records the labor and sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries. In these Western wilds they were the earliest pioneers of civilization and faith. The wild hunter or the adventurous traveler who, penetrating the forests, came to new and strange tribes, often found that years before the disciples of Loyola had pre-

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service in the Low Countries, and was constant to and fully trusted by them. But he was not under their church covenant, though not shocking them otherwise than by free speech. It has been suggested that the explanation may be that Standish, loyal to the faith of his ancestry and family, may have been an adherent of the old Church, being quietly reticent on the matter. He was always ready to go in his pinnace for trucking with the Indians at the Kennebec. Here on his visits he might easily have had the services of a priest for adjusting his conscience." P. 366.

ceded him in that wilderness. Traditions of the 'Black-robes' still lingered among the Indians. On some moss-grown tree they pointed out the traces of their work, and in wonder he deciphered, carved side by side on its trunk, the emblem of our salvation and the lilies of the Bourbons. Amid the snows of Hudson's Bay—among the woody islands and beautiful inlets of the St. Lawrence—by the council fires of the Hurons and the Algonquins—at the sources of the Mississippi, where first of the white men their eyes looked upon the Falls of St. Anthony, and then traced down the course of the bounding river as it rushed onward to earn its title of 'Father of Waters'—on the vast prairies of Illinois and Missouri—among the blue hills which hem in the salubrious dwellings of the Cherokees—and in the thick canebrakes of Louisiana—everywhere were found the members of the 'Society of Jesus.' Marquette, Joliet, Brébeuf, Jogues, Lalemant, Rasle, and Marest are the names which the West should ever hold in remembrance."

Not less emphatic is the testimony of United States Commissioner John Russell Bartlett, in his "Personal Narrative of Explorations in Texas, New Mexico," etc., published in 1854. "Long before the consecration of Plymouth Rock," says Mr. Bartlett, in speaking of the Jesuits, "the religion of Christ had been made known to the In-

dians of New Mexico; the Rocky Mountains were scaled, and the Gila and Colorado Rivers, which in our day are attracting so much interest as novelties, were passed again and again. The broad continent, too, to cross which, with all the advantages we possess, requires a whole season, was traversed from ocean to ocean before Raleigh or Smith or the Pilgrim Fathers had touched our shores."

Here are the words of that still more eminent writer, the Goldsmith of America: "All persons," says Washington Irving, in his "Knickerbocker," "who are in the least familiar with the early history of the West, know with what pure and untiring zeal the Catholic missionaries pursued the work of conversion among the savages. Before a Virginian had crossed the Blue Ridge, and while Connecticut was still the extreme frontier of New England, more than one man whose youth had been passed among the warm valleys of Languedoc, had explored the wilds of Wisconsin, and caused the hymn of Catholic praise to rise from the prairies of Illinois. The Catholic priest went even before the soldier and the trader; from lake to lake, from river to river, the Jesuits pressed on unresting, and, with a power which no other Christians have exhibited, won to their faith the warlike Miamis and the luxurious Illinois."

Nor is the historian of the United States want-

ing in his tribute to the Jesuits. "Every tradition," says Mr. Bancroft in the second volume of his history, "bears testimony to their worth. . . . The horrors of a Canadian life in the wilderness were resisted by an invincible passive courage, and a deep internal tranquillity. Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain glory, they became dead to the world, and possessed their souls in unalterable peace. The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America; not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way."

Such were the men who had come into Maryland with Governor Calvert to open a school which has grown to be Georgetown University, and to lay the foundation of the Catholic Church in the United States. The one particular spot racy of the soil of ancient Catholic Maryland, part and parcel of it, carved out of its bosom, peopled in the whole blood by the sons of its Pilgrims, and bearing the likeness of the Land of the Sanctuary written in its face, is the shrine and the College at Georgetown.

The See of Baltimore is something larger, something different. The Father Carroll of 1773 was a simple, ardent Jesuit, a true son of the Pilgrims, but the Father Carroll of 1784, when he became, by decree of the Propaganda, Prefect Apostolic

of the Catholic Church in the United States, and much more of 1790, when he became first Bishop, was no longer a Jesuit. A true son of the Pilgrims always, he had become like Washington in another sphere, who was first a Virginian, and next father of his country, the representative of others outside of the Maryland patrimony; he had become spiritual father of the Catholic Church in the United States. His glowing dream of Georgetown, of which his early letters to Father Plowden contain an animated picture, underwent a change. He strove hard at first to make the dream fulfil itself, but its outlines escaped him, and, as he stretched out his hand to grasp them, they vanished. Henceforward he left the shrine on the Potomac to the Jesuits, to whom it belonged, while ever holding it and them in most affectionate regard. He now directed his gaze to the Patapsco, where he planted a new seminary, and received from France providentially a holy Order of Men, the Sulpitians, cast out of native land by the infidel French revolution, who gladly came to Baltimore to lift up the hands of the zealous Carroll, and help him to establish another seat of theological and secular learning, St. Mary's College.*

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* Referring to Archbishop Carroll's relations to the College at Georgetown and the Seminary at Baltimore, Dr. John Gil-

Later on Dubois, Whitfield, Purcell, McCaffrey, and other holy and able men built up Mount St. Mary's College at Emmittsburg, Maryland, a third prolific nursery of bishops, priests, and laymen.

But Georgetown is the offspring of the Pilgrim Fathers of 1634. The Jesuits who came in the Ark and the Dove were the lineal ancestors in the ecclesiastical order of Neale, Molyneux, and McElroy, of Kohlmann, Grassi, and Dubuisson, of Ryder, Fenwick, and Fulton, of Healy and Doonan, and of Richards and Whitney, as well as of that long line of Jesuits which stretches from the cradle-land of St. Inigoes, in the early part of the seventeenth century, to Georgetown University, at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Father Carroll founded the Academy on the Potomac in 1789, and Father Ashton, procurator of the temporalities of the Jesuits, advanced the money to pay the grantors of the land, John Threlkeld and William Deakins, Jr., and the bricklayers and carpenters who built the first house, which still stands in the statelier group soaring to-day above and around it.

The reader may readily recognize it in the

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mary Shea remarks: "His endeavor to effect a hearty harmony in education and mission work did not succeed."—Shea's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, p. 604.

picture I have reproduced at the beginning of this volume, which gives a southeastern view of the College buildings.

While living with his mother on Rock Creek Father Carroll's attention was attracted by Alexander Doyle, architect of Trinity Church, to the noble hill just west of Georgetown, overlooking the Potomac, where it emerges from its narrow bed in rocky defiles and widens into a navigable river. After General Braddock left Alexandria on the fatal march to the West, he pitched the first encampment on the high ground where the National Observatory now stands, thereafter known as Camp Hill. It is said that the charming prospect which there unfolded itself to the eye of the young Washington decided his choice at a later day for the location of the seat of government. From the river an expansive plain spread out in the shape of a crescent. Majestic hills towered over the Eastern Branch of the Potomac, extended around to the north in swelling elevation, and then curved westward into almost mountain heights, the last of which jutted out over the river, a noble promontory, where Georgetown College now stands, the whole vista forming almost a perfect semicircle.

The peculiar configuration of the College heights afforded a natural drainage, sanitary breezes from every point of the compass, and protection from

the rigors of winter by the higher hills to the west, and the spreading champaign country similarly protected on the east. For over fifty years not a single death occurred among the students.

I have spoken, or rather written, here of the Fathers who founded Georgetown College as Jesuits; ex-Jesuits more properly I should have called them, for the Society of Jesus, on the 21st of July, 1773, *dies iræ*, was suppressed by Pope Clement XIV., at the maleficent instigation of the Bourbon kings of France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, who had already expelled the Jesuits from their kingdoms, and sought in vain to secure their destruction at the hands of Pope Clement XIII. When the tomb by Canova was erected to the memory of that gentle and holy Pope, who had refused to be coerced into crushing the Jesuits by the enemies of the Church, the great sculptor designed two lions couchant on pedestals at the feet of the Holy Father, one sleeping, the other awake and watchful. "The sleeping lion," said he, when asked what they typified, "denotes the gentleness of Pope Clement XIII.; the lion fully awake symbolizes his courage and firmness in refusing to suppress the Jesuit Society assailed on all sides by deadly enemies." But the emissaries of the Bourbons, Choiseul and Madame de Pompadour, of France,—though the infamous woman died before the suppression,—the vulture-like Florida Blanca,

of Spain, and the ever execrable Pombal, of Portugal, waited in stealth until the conclave was assembled to elect the successor of Clement XIII. They then swarmed to Rome, invaded the cloister of the Sacred College itself, and became a potent and malignant factor in the elevation of Clement XIV. It was an evil hour for the Church. For some time the fortitude of the new Pope was proof against their blandishments and intrigues. He answered their importunities by directing attention to the impressive public approval of the Jesuits by nineteen popes, the unanimous praises of their order, uttered without a dissenting voice by the whole thirty sovereign pontiffs who had reigned since their foundation, and to the solemn, august sanction of the Institute of Saint Ignatius by the Council of Trent itself. Oh, the inconsistency of man! Overborne at last by the imperious Bourbon kings and their impious tools, Clement XIV., without the specification of a single offence, reluctantly signed the bull suppressing the Jesuits throughout the world, threw overboard the most precious portion of the cargo, as if that would save the imperilled ship, then took to his bed, the victim of an inconsolable grief which baffled the doctors, and passed away at the end of fourteen months, literally done to death by the enemies of the Church. The control of the Sacred College once more became of paramount importance; but, to the ever-

lasting credit of the dying Pope be it said, he refused to make the Church the football of kings. May that brave speech, "We will not do it," meet him in heaven, and outweigh all the rest. "While at the point of death," says Artaud de Montor, "he was greatly urged to name eleven cardinals who in that year had been reserved *in petto;* but he constantly replied, 'We cannot and we will not do it. The Lord will judge our reasons.' They knelt to him and repeated their request. He replied decisively and regardless of etiquette, 'I am on my way to eternity, and I know why.'" *

Where are the Bourbons to-day? Quite down and out, scattered to the four winds of heaven by another unscrupulous despot, Napoleon Bonaparte; while Pius VII., one of the worthiest occupants of the chair of Peter, restored the Jesuits to their lost rights, and on the 7th of August, 1814, put them again in the vanguard of the church militant. Many philippics against them and many eulogies of the Jesuits are found in history, but perhaps the noblest tribute that can be paid to them is to point to the fact that the bull of suppression, *Dominus ac Redemptor noster*, was submitted to by them without a murmur, although it destroyed their mighty order at one fell blow, and not a word of censure,

* Lives and Times of the Roman Pontiffs, vol. ii. p. 376, by De Montor.

much less of rebellion, did they ever utter against the hand that smote them. Match this self-denial who can.*

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* Father de Ravignan's Apology for Clement XIII. and Clement XIV., the high-minded champion and the reluctant destroyer of the Society, is the best defence of the latter Pope which has been written, because it is unequivocally true. This noble work was not only written by a Jesuit, but the idea of writing it was inspired by the General of the Jesuits, Father Roothaan. In a letter to Father de Ravignan, suggesting that he should perform the magnanimous task, Father Roothaan said, "'Poor Pope,' wrote St. Alphonsus Liguori, '*che poteva fare?* What could he do?' This is a view to which I subscribe with all my heart, and it constitutes, as it seems to me, the pontiff's true defence."—De Ponlevoy's Life of Father de Ravignan, p. 488.

CHAPTER II

LEGAL STATUS OF MARYLAND JESUITS DURING DAYS OF THEIR SUPPRESSION

IN Maryland the suppression led to a very complicated situation. There were no other priests in that colony but Jesuits. For nearly a century and a half they had labored in Maryland under the greatest difficulties. Plundered by Claiborne and Ingle, some of them slain and the rest carried off into captivity, their order was reinforced by equally zealous successors, who, at the hands of Coode and the Puritans of the Cromwellite era, endured trials fully as cruel, but less destructive than the earlier persecution. The planters, whether Protestant or Catholic, had learned to love the Jesuits, and shielded them from their enemies. After the revolution of 1688, throughout the Jacobite wars, and particularly after the battle of Culloden, although the Maryland Jesuits were anti-Jacobites, and Cardinal York, the brother of Charles Edward Stuart, was one of their active enemies at Rome at the time of the suppression of their order, nevertheless King William, Queen Anne, and the three Georges proscribed and double-taxed them in Maryland as Jacobite sympathizers,

and hounded them down with causeless and inexcusable harshness. During the old French war, preceding the American Revolution, the Maryland Jesuits continued to be the victims of fanatical oppression. The laws of the Colonial Assembly at this time contain numerous anti-Jesuit enactments. But the sympathy of the people was on their side, and the Fathers labored on in secret among the gentry and the plain people with a constancy and devotion which has wrung praise and admiration from such respectable Protestant historians as Hawks, Davis, and McMahon.

They had acquired a considerable landed estate during the earlier and better days of the colony, called by McMahon the golden age of Maryland, before the Toleration Act was torn to pieces by the new-comers attracted to the colony by the liberal policy of the Calverts. In his "Brief Account" Bishop Fenwick relates the following interesting particulars: "Rev. Thomas Copley, called Thomas Copley, Esq., profited by the conditions of plantation proposed by the Lord Proprietary. He had a number of servants transported to the province for which he demanded and obtained twenty-eight thousand five hundred acres of land, giving the greater part to others, and reserved only eight thousand acres for the Society and Church." *

* Woodstock Letters, vol. ix. p. 171.

By donations and purchase from the Indians, and occasional legacies by pious Catholics, the Fathers afterwards added somewhat to their original landed possessions. Much was lost after Protestant ascendancy was established through confiscation and the persecutions already mentioned. That any remnant of their property was saved to them in those dark days is due to the chivalrous sense of equity, not only of Catholics but of their Protestant neighbors, who when the spoiler was nigh took title from the Fathers by deeds of absolute conveyance, with a secret trust, not for record, as the title was in fee, but compliance with which was left to the grantee's sense of honor, and to that alone. A few rare instances of bad faith are related, but to the credit of those noble Protestant and Catholic gentry be it said, these secret trusts were faithfully observed, and at the dawn of a better day discharged by a reconveyance of the lands thus magnanimously protected.*

* I am indebted to Fathers George Fenwick, James Ryder, and Charles H. Stonestreet, dear, dear friends of my boyhood, whom I often conversed with in relation to the early Jesuit Fathers of Maryland, for much information about them not found in books, and which would be of priceless value if it had been reduced to authentic form. It is fast becoming legendary gossip. Father Fenwick especially was a prodigy of an antiquarian. 'Tis a pity that the folk-lore of the Potomac, the St. Mary's, and the Patuxent in the days of F. F. White, Altham, Copley, Poulton, Hunter, and Lewis, of

Bishop England, with his accustomed eloquence, thus refers to these gleams of sunshine which relieve the gloom of an otherwise trackless night of rapacity and oppression:

"Some of the Irish, and a few of the American Catholics," says the Bishop, "sought through the friendship and honor of their Protestant neighbors to preserve at the same time their property and their faith. They gave absolute titles of their lands, by a legal transfer, to their Protestant friends, who undertook privately, by a pledge of honor, which was all they could give, that whilst their ostensible ownership covered it from confiscation and rapine, they would administer it for the benefit of the Catholic family that confided in their friendship, and would reconvey it to the proper owners by sufficient titles when the law should permit Catholics to become proprietors. . . . In America equally as in Ireland were the Catholics emaciated in numbers and in property by the operation of this atrocious code. . . . And in Maryland, as in Ireland, if we find evidence of Protestant cruelty and oppression, we also find many noble instances of Protestant generosity, of Protestant friendship, and of Protestant protection." *

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which he told me so much, should be buried in his grave. He wrote but little.

* Bishop England's Works, vol. iii. pp. 234, 235.

Having paid this just tribute to Maryland Protestants, it is obvious that Bishop England could not have been aware that much of the property which he refers to in the same paper from which I have quoted the preceding extract belonged to the Jesuit Fathers, who confided it to the honor of those very Protestants so highly and so justly commended for their fidelity by the distinguished Bishop. He could not have known, when he says the property "legally vested in the priests of Maryland," a corporate body, "insensibly passed into the possession of the Jesuits of Georgetown," that it could not have passed into the possession of anybody else without a violation of good faith on the part of those Maryland priests, all ex-Jesuits, in whom it was "legally vested," but who had plighted their word of honor so to pass it to its Jesuit owners at the earliest practicable moment. Having praised Protestant trustees for protecting the property of Catholics, Bishop England would not have withheld praise from the secular priests of Maryland for protecting the property of Jesuits, had the true state of the case been known to him when he penned the following observations:

"There was another obstacle, arising from the poverty of the Catholics as a body and the almost total absence of any funds, save what could be obtained from their generosity; the sole exception

was some property which had been originally destined for the missions that were served in early times by the Jesuits, and a portion of which had by a variety of contrivances been preserved, and which had at this period been legally vested in the priests of Maryland, who had been incorporated by the new government; and which has since insensibly passed into the possession of the Jesuits of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, upon the condition of paying something towards the support of the archiepiscopal See of Baltimore. It was from this fund that the clergy then derived the principal means for their support." *

Bishop England, of course, believed he was stating the facts correctly in the extract quoted, or it goes without saying that he would not have written it. But he was mistaken. Those who held title to the Jesuit estates, Catholic and Protestant confidential trustees, were confronted after the suppression with this difficulty, a most serious problem: there was no one to whom they could turn over those estates in good faith to their principal, the late Society. Bishop Challoner did not claim them after the brief of suppression; under the penal laws of England, he could not do so without the risk of almost certain confiscation by the British government. But, as a matter of fact,

* Bishop England's Works, vol. iii. p. 239.

he made no claim whatever to them, and restricted himself simply to asking and receiving written submission to the brief of Clement XIV. on the part of the Maryland Jesuits. Twenty-three Jesuit Fathers in Maryland and Pennsylvania had become secular priests, merely private individuals. These things happened at the dawn of the American Revolution, and thereafter the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution of the United States swept away English penal laws, and afforded ample protection to the person and property of every citizen.

By the terms of the suppression the property of Jesuits, wherever situated, passed to the local ordinaries of the Church. I quote the language of the brief: "We take from it and abrogate each and all of its offices, ministries, administrations, houses, schools, and habitations, in all provinces, kingdoms, and states whatsoever, and under whatsoever title to them belonging. . . . And we wholly transfer that same jurisdiction and authority to the local ordinaries, according to the form, the case, and the persons." *

This brief of Pope Clement XIV., dated July 21, 1773, was expressly repealed by the brief of Pope Pius VII., dated August 7, 1814, restoring

* Artaud de Montor's Lives and Times of the Roman Pontiffs, vol. ii. pp. 358, 359.

the Society of Jesus throughout the world. I quote the words of Pius VII.:

"And we do now and from this time take under our own, and this Holy See's immediate patronage, protection, and obedience, all the colleges, houses, provinces, and members there united (of Jesuits), or which or who may thereafter be united or aggregated thereto. . . . Notwithstanding the apostolic constitutions and ordinances, and especially the aforesaid letters, in the form of a brief, of Clement XIV. of happy memory, beginning *Dominus et Redemptor noster*, expedited under the seal of the Fisherman on the 21st day of July, 1773, which to give effect to these presents we hereby intend expressly and specially to repeal, and all others whatever to the contrary." *

There was no local ordinary in Maryland, and Bishop Challoner would not and could not act. As the Jesuit Society could hold no property under the proscriptive penal laws of England (fortunate obstacle, *similia similibus curantur*), the Maryland estates of the Jesuits remained in the custody of individual priests and others as secret trustees. The learned Dr. Shea was of opinion, from developments in other more recent cases, such as the Pious Fund of California and the Jesuit estates in

* Artaud de Montor's Lives and Times of the Roman Pontiffs, vol. ii. p. 702.

the province of Quebec, that the view entertained at Rome was that the brief of 1773 vested the property of the Society in the Pope. "This," says that great Catholic historian, "though not expressed in the documents, will explain the action in the Maryland controversy."*

Constitutional lawyers might show that this view is near the dangerous border-line which divides temporal from spiritual dominion in the United States. The opinion of Roger B. Taney in the Harold case, when President John Quincy Adams unwarrantably intruded in the spiritual affairs of the Holy See, an interference distinctly disclaimed by the Secretary of State, Henry Clay, when he wrote that it was conducted in his absence "by direction of the President," furnishes an admirably lucid exposition of the true distinction between temporal and spiritual power. "The power," said Mr. Taney, "exercised by the Pope in the Roman Catholic Church has no connection whatever with that which he possesses as a temporal prince, but differs from it altogether in its character and the means by which it is enforced. And if he should be deprived of his temporal dominion, his jurisdiction in the Roman Catholic Church would remain unaltered in any respect. His au-

* Shea's History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1808–15 to 1843, p. 71.

thority in the Church is merely spiritual, and obedience in spiritual matters to a spiritual superior is certainly no transfer of allegiance in temporal concerns; and it is impossible in the nature of things that obedience due from a Roman Catholic, whether layman or clergyman, to the authority of the Pope, in spiritual matters, can ever come in conflict with the duties of allegiance or the calls of patriotism. The spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope is a part of the Roman Catholic religion, and is necessary to the free exercise of that religion. And it is a part of the civil rights of those citizens of the United States who are members of the Roman Catholic Church that this spiritual jurisdiction should be freely exercised, and the government of the United States have no right to restrain it, nor to interfere with it. And such an interposition on the part of the government of the United States would be an unwarrantable invasion of the rights of the Roman Catholic citizens of this country, and a palpable violation of the principles of the Constitution

(Signed) "R. B. TANEY.

"BALTIMORE, November 23, 1829."*

Mr. Gaston, in his opinion in the same case, defines the limits of papal authority, and points out clearly, but with not quite the unequivocal bold-

* Bishop England's Works, vol. v. p. 231.

ness and vigor of Mr. Taney, that its operations are confined to the conscience of the citizen, which in the United States is free and untrammelled.

"The Bishop of Rome," says Mr. Gaston (the first student at Georgetown), "is the acknowledged head of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such must have a jurisdiction of some sort over it. Jurisdiction implies obedience. . . . He who omits no duty and violates no command, which fidelity to his country demands, has fulfilled *all* the obligations of allegiance. The obedience rendered to the orders of the spiritual superior has no connection with or reference to the temporal authority of that superior, and would be precisely the same whether such superior were the inmate of a prison or the possessor of a throne. The conscience of him who obeys, and his conscience only, regulates his obedience, and of that conscience his country allows him the undisputed dominion.

"The right of the citizen cannot be infringed by a requisition which he may disobey if his conscience will permit, and the authority of his government is not concerned in a matter purely of religious obligation. That cannot be deemed a *sentence* which depends for its execution on the enlightened will of the individual to whom it is directed; the aid of the government is not needed to protect him against admonitions addressed to his conscience; and those intrusted with temporal

power here have no right to interpose to prevent his receiving or to induce him to disregard them."

(Signed) "WILLIAM GASTON.

"RALEIGH, November 26, 1829."

After they had recovered somewhat from the first shock of the blow which fell upon them like an electric bolt, the Maryland Jesuits faced the new situation with that cheerful courage which always and everywhere has distinguished the disciples of Loyola. As everybody wished to act honestly, the complication was unravelled in this way: Forming themselves into a voluntary association of secular clergy, with Father John Lewis at their head, as he had been the Superior of their late Society, they continued to defer to him as Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, a title incident to his former office.

At a Chapter of this Body of the Clergy held at Whitemarsh on October 11, 1784, they re-adopted a resolution which they had passed at a previous meeting or Chapter, held at the same place on November 6, 1783, to the following effect:

That they would "to the best of their power promote and effect an absolute and entire restoration to the Society of Jesus (if it should please

Almighty God to re-establish it in this country) of all the property belonging to it."*

This was the way in which that property "has since insensibly passed," if I may repeat Bishop England's words, "into the possession of the Jesuits of Georgetown."

The Maryland statute of mortmain, and the common law doctrine in regard to the lands of religious bodies, rendered it necessary for the voluntary association of the clergy to become a body corporate. They accordingly procured the passage of an act by the Maryland Legislature, December 23, 1792, entitled "An Act for securing certain estates and property for the support and uses of the Ministers of the Roman Catholic religion." By this statute a body politic and corporate was created, to which all persons holding the old Jesuit estates were authorized to convey them for the better carrying out of the original trusts. This was done by the individual holders of the farms. The new body adopted a name, as it was empowered to do, and it was thereafter known as "The Corporation of the Roman Catholic Clergymen."

All seemed clear sailing at last, but no, one thing had been overlooked. At a General Chapter of the Clergy, held at Whitemarsh, November 13,

* Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, by B. U. Campbell, p. 373.

1786, authority to erect a school at Georgetown had been granted, and shortly after Fathers Carroll, Molyneux, and Ashton were appointed special trustees to purchase and take title as grantees of the land on which the Academy was to be built. They so acted, as appears from the subjoined endorsement of the clerk of the court, which the indefatigable Father J. Havens Richards, S.J., late President of Georgetown, caused to be copied for me, I had almost said photographed, such is that Father's rare executive precision, from the back of the old deed which is still preserved at the College:

"Deakins & Threlkeld
to
Carroll Molyneux & Ashton } Deed.

rec[d] this 11[th] of April 1789 to be recorded. And same day recorded in Liber D. folio 196 And 197 One of the Land records for Montgomery County And Examined

pr B Beall Clk"

The Corporation of the Roman Catholic Clergymen procured the passage of another act, January 20, 1798, so careful were the old ex-Jesuits in guarding the corpus of the estates of the late Society, authorizing and empowering Messrs. Carroll, Molyneux, and Ashton to convey to the said Corporation the lands, buildings, and appurtenances

known as Georgetown College. This was accordingly done. The same statute, the last concerning the College enacted by the Maryland Legislature, as Georgetown soon after passed under the jurisdiction of Congress, authorized the Corporation to receive donations for the Academy or College sufficient to maintain and educate thirty scholars, provided that the annual usufruct of such donations should not exceed four thousand dollars.

Now began complications which, like Jaundice against Jaundice, seemed to be interminable. Pope Pius VI., June 9, 1784, as we have seen, appointed Father Carroll Superior of the Missions in the thirteen United States of North America, with the faculty to administer the sacrament of confirmation as Vicar-Apostolic. "The Form of Government" in nineteen articles was adopted by the Chapter held at Whitemarsh, on the 11th of October, 1784, together with "Rules for the particular government of members belonging to the Body of the Clergy, binding on all persons at present composing the Body of Clergy in Maryland and Pennsylvania."

The clergy safeguarded the temporalities, which on the same day they resolved to return to the Jesuit Society, if restored, by retaining them in the mean time in their own exclusive custody. I quote the language of the article:

"XIX. The person invested with spiritual jurisdiction in the country shall not in that quality

have any power over or in the temporal property of the Clergy."

The Vicar-Apostolic, Father Carroll, was present and perfectly acquiesced in this article.

On the 6th of November, 1789, Pope Pius VI. appointed John Carroll Bishop and Pastor of the Church of Baltimore, and clothed him with the commission to institute a body of clergy deputed to divine worship, to establish an episcopal seminary in Baltimore or elsewhere, and to administer ecclesiastical incomes. Up to this time the body of the clergy was composed exclusively of ex-Jesuits. Now the See of Baltimore began to attract to it other priests both secular and regular. They came in considerable numbers, utterly unacquainted, as they necessarily were, with the course of events prior to the erection of the see, and as books were scarce, they had no ready means of acquainting themselves with the struggles of the mission in colonial times and, after the suppression of the Society, to preserve the farms of the hunted Jesuits. The proceedings of the various Chapters at Whitemarsh were as a sealed book to the newcomers. These in their very nature were confidential proceedings, and even down to the present age they have been and still are very imperfectly understood.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the priests then arriving from Europe accepted the situation

as they found it. The temporalities they deemed to be vested by law in the Corporation of Roman Catholic Clergymen by an absolute title; the Jesuits had been suppressed and were not restored, and the Holy Father had clothed the Bishop of Baltimore with authority to administer ecclesiastical incomes. They naturally believed that the estates in Maryland were the property of the Bishop and corporation of secular clergy, and not of the Jesuits, whose order had long been extinguished by a brief of the Holy See. So, at least, thought Archbishop Maréchal, and so, perhaps, thought his friend, Bishop England, who came to this country at a later day. During the last decade of the eighteenth and the first few years of this century the title to those farms of Fathers White, Copley, Hunter, and their fellow-martyrs and apostles of the Jesuit Society during the golden age of Maryland, provoked much controversy, a little vexation, and some acrimony. Three eminent lawyers were finally retained by the sensible Archbishop Whitfield (how much disedification would have been avoided had it been done sooner!) to straighten out the legal tangle in business affairs and matters of purely worldly concern, complications which are incident alike to saints and to sinners. The lawyers thus wisely consulted were Roger B. Taney, then Attorney-General of Maryland and later Chief Justice of the United States; John Scott, a Balti-

more jurist, father of Judge T. Parkin Scott; and William George Read, of Baltimore, orator of the Philodemic Society in 1842, at the first celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

Bishop Carroll, who had followed the progress of the efforts to save the Jesuit farms from the beginning, and knew more about the equities involved than any other man in America, at length, on the 21st of June, 1805, quietly, without much noise, revived the ancient Society in this country, with the co-operation of Father Gruber in far-off Russia, where, protected by the Empress Catherine, as also happened in the dominions of Frederick the Great, the Jesuits never had been affected by the suppression. On that day Bishop Carroll appointed Father Molyneux Superior of the Society of Jesus in the United States, with the powers of a Provincial.

"The Society of Jesus," says Dr. John Gilmary Shea, "in Maryland and Pennsylvania then re-entered into possession of the property which had been preserved. It was, however, agreed between Bishop Carroll and Father Molyneux that 'the annuity allotted to the Bishop from the estates of the Society or Corporation shall continue perpetual and inalienable, and an authentic instrument of writing to that effect shall be executed.'" *

* Shea's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, pp. 525, 526.

Guarded from Protestant spoliation by honorable Protestants, and from Catholic alienation by the Corporation of Catholic Clergymen and their unselfish Bishop, the patrimony of the Jesuits was restored to them, and the future of Georgetown College assured.

Father Ambrose Maréchal, the learned and pious Sulpitian priest, teacher of the first class of philosophy at Georgetown, and third Archbishop of Baltimore, stoutly maintained the opinion that the old Jesuit farms belonged to his Archdiocese, and not to the restored order. He was a thorough Frenchman, zealous, holy, and impulsive. Father William Matthews, President of Georgetown when ex-President George Washington paid his memorable visit to the College, was a Charles County cavalier of character equally positive as the *prononcé* Maréchal, and, holding to the Jesuit side of the controversy, he opposed to the Gallic impetuosity of his former professor of philosophy an up and down Harry Hotspur spirit which once led to an amusing war of words between them over the crops in the ground at Whitemarsh, and on another occasion sent him in hot haste to the State Department to ask John Quincy Adams not to allow the holy prelate to take him by surprise.

The climax was finally reached when the former professor, now become Archbishop, went to Rome and laid claim in 1822 not only to the crops, but

to the plantation of Whitemarsh itself. If, like his prudent successor, he had turned over these things to the lawyers, Archbishop Maréchal would have avoided snags, or as Shakespeare phrases it, those "nice, sharp quillets of the law," with which the authorities at Rome ought not to have been pestered and embarrassed. It was a pure question for *lex loci* adjudication. Title to land in Maryland must be settled in the courts of Maryland; to them alone belongs original jurisdiction in every such controversy. The Archbishop petitioned the Pope to take away Whitemarsh from the Jesuits, and transfer it to the See of Baltimore. As Archbishop Maréchal and Father Charles Neale, Superior of the Jesuits, were both citizens of Maryland, they should have fought out their battle as plaintiff and defendant in an action of ejectment in the Circuit Court of Prince George's County, Maryland, in which county the plantation is situated. If not satisfied with the judgment there, the losing party would have the right of appeal to the Court of Appeals at Annapolis, where the contest could be brought to an affirmance or reversal of the judgment of the court below, and if the remittitur was in favor of the Archbishop, all that remained to do would be to enter up final judgment in the Court of Prince George's, and send the sheriff to eject Father Neale, provided he proved recalcitrant. The Holy Father could not

be expected to be learned in the law of real property in Maryland, but with all that native benignity and mildness which Sir Thomas Lawrence has immortalized on canvas, he entertained the petition of Archbishop Maréchal, and that excellent prelate —*nullus clericus nisi causidicus*—pleaded his own case, in spite of the wise rule against the choice of such a lawyer, and bungled it sadly.

CHAPTER III

PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT OF EARLY DISPUTES—THE COLLEGE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED

HIS Grace's first plea was that the Brief erecting the See of Baltimore vested in Bishop Carroll all the estates of the old Maryland Jesuits. *Per contra*, in a note addressed to the trustees of those estates, dated May 26, 1790, Bishop Carroll had distinctly renounced any such claim by virtue of that Brief. The Brief commissioned the Bishop "to administer ecclesiastical incomes." Not another word occurs in it upon the subject of property or revenues. Archbishop Maréchal next cited the act of December 23, 1792, by which the Maryland Legislature created the Corporation of Roman Catholic Clergymen. He held that this act granted the entirety of the said estates to the Bishop and secular clergy. This extraordinary assumption was a misconception both of the scope of the act and the power of the Legislature. It was an enabling act which permitted one set of trustees to convey the Jesuit estates to another set of trustees for the uses already in existence. It would have been *ultra vires* for the Legislature to go further. No new beneficiaries

were created by the act of the Legislature. All the members of the corporation were former Jesuits, who had already declared their purpose to return the property in their hands to the Jesuit Society, if restored.

The third plea of his Grace was a reference to a certain formal instrument dated September 20, 1805, by the terms of which the Superior of the Jesuits, Father Molyneux, covenanted to pay to Right Rev. John Carroll the perpetual yearly sum of one thousand dollars. I am not aware that his Grace further informed the Holy See that this alleged annuity to Dr. Carroll was in favor of one entitled as a former faithful Jesuit to some interest, support in old age, and other benefits out of the Jesuit property, by the terms of one of the articles of agreement entered into by the Body of Clergy at Whitemarsh. Neither did the pleadings, as far as I know, disclose the fact that such annuity was promised in consideration of the transfer to the Jesuits of all their old estates, among which Whitemarsh was included. But in addition to these equities of the case, a sufficient objection in law was interposed by Father Neale, who answered that the Jesuit Society had no legal status in 1805, as the Pope did not restore it until 1814; its revival by Father Carroll in 1805 was limited; that the act of Father Molyneux in that year was the act of an individual, and as such it was not of

binding effect in law upon the Society at a later date.

Finally, his Grace set up an adverse possession or right to Deer Creek and Whitemarsh in the Catholic Church, but as the only Catholic Church in Maryland was that of the Jesuits during colonial days, and as the Chapters of the Body of Clergy since that period recognized the right of the Jesuits to recover all the estates, including Whitemarsh, formerly held by them in Maryland, this adverse claim of the Catholic Church was too vague to be traced, jurisdiction must have its limits somewhere, and too indefinite, *coram non judice*, to be considered in any forum.

The Pope referred the claim to a commission of three Cardinals, Castiglione, Fesch, and della Genga, to hear and report. The members of this commission were as little acquainted with the proceedings of the Chapters of the Body of the Clergy at Whitemarsh as was the good Archbishop himself; no Maryland Jesuit having been cited before the commission *ad testificandum* or to produce books, documents, or records *duces tecum;* they accordingly reported *ex parte* in favor of the Archbishop of Baltimore. Pursuant to the recommendations of this report the Holy Father, on July 23, 1822, directed Father Aloysius Fortis, the General of the Society, and through him the Maryland Jesuits, to turn over Whitemarsh, or two

thousand acres thereof free of mortgage incumbrances, to the Archbishop of Baltimore. By an alternative clause of this decree, if the substitution of another plantation for Whitemarsh could be shown to produce less hardship, the Jesuits were allowed to make representations. In relation to the other property of the Jesuits title was quieted, and their undisputed possession confirmed.

When the Brief covering these conclusions of the dispute was communicated to Father Charles Neale, the Jesuit Superior in Maryland, he prepared a protest, in which he pointed out the surreptitious nature of the proceedings, the *ex parte* character of the testimony adduced before the commission, and the jurisdictional defect of surprise and non-service of notice on the Jesuits, who were not allowed to present their case before the commission. Father Neale answered the most reverend prelate's pleas by denying that the Maryland statute created any new beneficiaries, by citing Bishop Carroll's renunciation under the Brief which created the See of Baltimore, and by showing the want of legal status in Father Molyneux to bind his brethren.

The Archbishop replied to this protest at great length, waxed warm, and wanted the Holy See to resort to drastic measures, expel members from the Society who refused to yield, and to deprive them of the right to leave Maryland without his consent. The General of the Society declined to sign the

transfer awarded, and the matter dragged on for a year or two. But in the interests of peace Father Fortis directed the Maryland Fathers to pay to the Most Rev. Dr. Maréchal one thousand dollars *per annum*, as formerly was allowed to the ex-Jesuit Archbishops Carroll and Neale. This mode of settlement was disallowed by the Propaganda, and an order was issued by it, dated July 26, 1824, directing the surrender of Whitemarsh within six months to Archbishop Maréchal. The old Charles County cavalier, Father William Matthews, *duo fulmina belli*, at this juncture brought the matter to the attention of the President of the United States, James Monroe. In a letter to Henry Clay, Secretary of State, written October 10, 1828, about four years after the close of the controversy, Father Matthews used the following language: "When Mr. Adams was Secretary of State, and the case of the Archbishop of Baltimore and the Jesuits was agitated, I was expressly informed that, whatever was written to Rome by one party through the State Department, a copy of it would be furnished to the other party." *

An old Jesuit, one of the greatest historical scholars I ever knew, once informed me that President Monroe, in a most respectful way, suggested to the Holy See, through an American

* Works of Bishop England, vol. v. p. 221.

minister residing at a leading European court, that by the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States no American citizen can be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Mr. Monroe acted on this occasion with great delicacy, for he was not only one of the most tolerant men that ever lived, but he was very friendly to Catholics, and gave repeated proofs of his personal regard for them. When Father John Dubois was driven from France by the horrors of the French revolution, he came a stranger to Virginia, where Catholics in the early day received but scant courtesy. Not so with James Monroe. He welcomed Rev. Mr. Dubois to Richmond, opened his doors to receive him, and gave him a home under his own hospitable roof.* Not having a church in which to say mass, the future founder of Mount Saint Mary's College, and the third Bishop of New York, was permitted by the State authorities of Virginia, through the kind interposition of Mr. Monroe, to have the use of one of the rooms in the State Capitol in which to celebrate the holy offices of his faith.†

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* A Brief Sketch of the History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York, by Rev. J. R. Bayley, p. 83.

† Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, by Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., vol. i. p. 418.

When ambassador to France, Mr. Monroe placed his daughter at school in a convent in that country. Thomas Jefferson also, while ambassador to the same court, sent his daughter to a French convent. Both young ladies applied to their fathers for permission to embrace the Catholic faith, and to enter the religious state. Mr. Jefferson, without showing opposition to her wishes, consummate tactician that he was, quietly withdrew his daughter from the convent school, and contrived to throw her into the fascinating gaieties of the French capital. The whirl of a brilliant court sufficed to change her thoughts from spiritual to worldly affairs, and we hear no more of her leanings to Catholicity. Mr. Monroe, on the contrary, assumed not the dread responsibility of interfering in so delicate a matter. Miss Monroe, with her father's entire approval, became a Catholic, and died a holy, edifying *religieuse* in France.* May not her prayers, as the late James A. McMaster observed, have influenced the conversion of her nephew, the brilliant Colonel James Monroe, who died in the service of his country at Harper's Ferry, and of his pious brother Frank, who died a Jesuit priest in the city of New York?

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* Catholic Mirror, July 29, 1882. Randall's Life of Jefferson, vol. i. p. 538.

After Mr. Monroe's delicate and friendly suggestion in relation to the Whitemarsh farm was received in Rome, the Holy Father, as "arbitrator" (Bishop England uses this designation), promptly recognized its inestimable value as an aid to his own sound judgment in reaching a proper solution of the controversy. The matter was soon accommodated, and the risk of infringing on American law—a purpose which the Holy See had never in the remotest degree entertained—was very happily avoided. Pius VII. advised those in charge of the business at Rome that the offer of Father General Fortis to pay Archbishop Maréchal from the 1st day of November, 1826, annually during his natural life eight hundred Roman crowns ought to be accepted, and Cardinal Somaglia notified the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore that the Pope and the Sacred Congregation were of opinion and recommended that this adjustment and offer ought not to be refused by his Grace.*

Thus ended a very vexatious dispute, by the exercise of the good sense and good feeling of all the parties involved in it.

I have made a diligent search for the letters which may have passed between Rome and Washington during the pendency of the controversy,

* Shea's History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1808–15 to 1843, p. 71.

and incline to the opinion that no documents on the subject are among the files of the State Department. Bishop England once made the same investigation that I have since made. Mr. Daniel Brent, a confidential clerk there at the time that John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State, during James Monroe's two administrations, told the distinguished Bishop of Charleston, whose words I quote, as follows: "Mr. Brent said that Mr. Harold was under a mistake regarding the interference of that department in the differences between the Archbishop and the Jesuits: and that there were no documents upon that subject in the department." * For some length of time I surmised that Mr. Brent employed diplomatic reserve in this statement, but I have come to think differently. I once made careful search through Mr. Adams's voluminous "Memoirs and Diary," in twelve large octavo volumes, but could not find a word on this subject. I am now of opinion that John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War in James Monroe's cabinet, and not John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, first brought the subject to the President's notice. My reasons are these: an opinion prevailed, which I think was erroneous, that Mr. Adams had prejudices against Catholics. "Bitter and violent denunciations of the Catholic Church," says Dr. John Gilmary Shea,

* Works of Bishop England, vol. v. p. 228.

"its clergy and laity, pullulated in almost everything written by Mr. Adams."*

It is only justice to Mr. Adams to say, whatever may have been his utterances which led to such an opinion, that his conduct to the Jesuits, when he was minister to Russia, was most civil and obliging; and his treatment of Father McElroy, when that pious Father visited him in the State Department to obtain passports for the six young scholastics who went from the College to Rome in 1820,—Mulledy, McSherry, Smith, Pise, Ryder, and Fenwick,—was courteous and decidedly friendly. Father McElroy, in his diary for 1820, says,—

"*June* 2.—Waited with the above young men on the Secretary of State to obtain passports; were received with great kindness by Mr. Adams, who offered to write introductory letters to the different consuls; and Daniel Brent, his chief clerk, wrote also to the consul at Gibraltar."

I have heard old Jesuits say that Mr. Calhoun, who lived in Georgetown at that period, in an elegant mansion on the Heights, often interchanged neighborly courtesies with them, and seemed to take much pleasure in his visits to the College. He would go there to talk science with Father Levins, the distinguished mathematician, to

* Shea's History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1808–15 to 1843, p. 104.

whom he offered a professorship at West Point; and to discuss philosophy with Father Dzierozinski, a famous disciple of the Angelic Doctor and Aristotle. Father Curley once related anecdotes to that most excellent man, Father John S. Sumner, peace to his ashes, and to myself of these visits of Mr. Calhoun, and of his fondness for talking metaphysics with the learned Russian Father of the jaw-breaking name.

It seems to me more probable that the Jesuits should have sought to reach the President through one so near to him and so friendly to them as Mr. Calhoun, rather than through Mr. Adams, who, while treating Jesuits with great respect, was not on terms of social intimacy with them. Adams had great pugnacity in his make-up, while Calhoun was renowned for his urbanity. For these reasons I think the Whitemarsh controversy was brought to the President's notice by the South Carolina statesman. Mr. Brent's denial that there were any papers on the subject in the State Department negatively strengthens my opinion.

Archbishop Maréchal always felt a sincere interest in the College. In a letter to the Propaganda, written about this period, he said, " There exists at Georgetown a magnificent College which is directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It is greatly to be regretted that it is burthened with debt. But as the Society has recently recov-

ered all its estates and other property, which was held by the Jesuits before the destruction of the Society, it will undoubtedly soon be very well endowed. There is no part of the Catholic world in which the Society of Jesus can exist more securely, labor more widely, and produce richer fruit." *

The distinguished professor of the first class of philosophy taught at Georgetown still had a warm place in his heart for the old institution.

Congress raised the College to the rank of a University in 1815, and President Madison signed the bill on March 1 of that year. It was, however, a clumsy act, and conceded authority merely to confer degrees, leaving the College as it was before, an association of private individuals organized in Maryland during the last century under the general power applicable to schools. Mr. Gaston presented the petition, evidently not written by him, as he was too good a lawyer to have omitted from the prayer those clauses necessary to create the College a body politic and corporate with a seal. The application was barely for leave to confer degrees, a permissive prayer. The bill brought in by the Committee on the District of Columbia was laconically responsive to the petition, granting what was asked for and no more. This defect was

* Shea's History of Georgetown College, p. 54.

cured by a further bill introduced in the Senate by Hon. Jacob W. Miller, of New Jersey, Chairman of the Standing Committee on the District of Columbia, on January 22, 1844, by which body it was passed on February 28. Senator William D. Merrick, of Maryland, brother-in-law of Father William Matthews, was a member of this Committee, and probably the manager and advocate of the bill. He was the father of three noted alumni of the College, William M., Richard T., and George C. Merrick. I once spent an afternoon with the venerable Senator at Gadsby's Hotel in Washington, a famous hostelry there in old times. I was struck with the likeness between the father and his eldest son, the late Judge William Matthews Merrick. The judge was taller, however, than his father. George C. Merrick, my close friend and schoolmate when we were little boys at Georgetown in the early fifties, was the youngest son of the Senator. I called on him with George from the College on the occasion mentioned, when he told me that his father had just arrived from his country-seat, and the son invited me to join him in the visit. Mr. Merrick had then retired from the Senate, and was a very old gentleman. George is the only survivor of this distinguished family, and, coming by talents naturally, is an able judge in Prince George's County, Maryland. After passing the Senate the bill incorporating the Col-

lege was sent to the House for concurrence. On May 14, Hon. John Campbell, of South Carolina, moved to take up the bill, and the motion prevailed. It was read through by the Clerk of the House, and after some remarks by Hon. Charles Jared Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, whether in favor of or in opposition to the measure the *Globe* does not disclose, it was laid aside. Mrs. Sarah Mynton Maury, in her volume called "The Statesmen of America in 1846," observes that Mr. Ingersoll knew and admired many Catholic prelates, and when in Washington dined occasionally with the Jesuits at Georgetown College. The inference is that his remarks on this occasion were favorable. The bill finally passed the House on May 25, and was signed by President Tyler on June 10, 1844.

The act created the President and Directors of Georgetown College, who were James Ryder, Thomas Lilly, Samuel Barber, James Curley, and Anthony Rey, into a body politic and corporate with a common seal, with perpetual succession in law and in equity, to receive and to hold, for the use of the College, estates real, personal, and mixed, and to grant, sell, and convey the same for the use of the said College, and by the same name to sue and be sued, with the usual rights, privileges, and duties pertaining to similar incorporated bodies. The annual net income of an eleemosynary char-

acter, which the Maryland Legislature originally allowed the College to receive in donations in any one year, was increased from four thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars, over and above and exclusive of educational receipts.

Going back a few years, I also find that the Church added its recognition to that of American law-makers. Pope Gregory XVI., on the 30th of March, 1833, by a gracious decree granted to the College at Georgetown the power and right to confer degrees in philosophy and theology, which formerly enured to all Jesuit colleges by the Briefs of Julius III. in 1552 and Pius IV. in 1561. Georgetown College then enjoyed the distinction of being the only college in the United States thus publicly recognized by the Holy See. Its doctorate is highly prized among theologians and divinity students.

John Carroll, founder of the College, was the son of Daniel Carroll, the Marlborough Irish merchant, whose father, Charles, held high stations in Ireland under James II. and in Maryland under Lord Baltimore; and of Eleanor, daughter of Henry Darnall, a distinguished name among the early Pilgrims, whose seat of Woodyard was the Brundusium of the old Catholic cavaliers of Maryland. Woodyard was the safe refuge of proscribed Jesuits when such saints as Father George Hunter

lived in the land, and people told of angel visitants to his abode.*

The blood of Celt and Pilgrim, of faith and piety, flowed in the veins of the future first Archbishop. The parents of Eleanor Darnall, of Woodyard, Maryland, like those of Margaret Sharpe, of

* Father Stonestreet, in The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (xxii. p. 609), relates the story handed down, of the two young men who vanished from sight after guiding Father Hunter into Virginia and back again to his home in Maryland. "The Virginia side," says Dr. Shea, in his Life of Archbishop Carroll (p. 87), "was one of great danger. It is said that Father Frambach, from Frederick, visited it only by night, and slept beside his horse, ready to mount and put him to his full speed at the slightest warning; and that more than once the bullets of the pursuers whistled around the head of the devoted priest, for whose blood men were thirsting in their hatred of the Church of the Living God. By the firesides of Catholic Maryland was long told how the great Father George Hunter, whose reputation for sanctity was general and enduring, was once summoned at night by two young men, who guided him to the Potomac, ferried him over by quick and noiseless strokes of the oars, then galloped with him to the cottage on horses ready for them. After the dying Catholic had been prepared by all the blessed means the Church affords for the terrible hour, his mysterious guides conducted the good priest down the Virginia roads, across the Potomac, to his own door, and there in the bright moonlight vanished utterly from sight. No such youths were known among the Catholics on either side of the river. That good Father Hunter believed them to have been angels sent to guide him to a soul whose prayers had reached the throne of God has ever since been the tradition in Maryland."

Cumberland, England, sent her to a French convent in quest of education denied to her in her native land, for in Catholic France could be obtained the training described by Saint Basil, where the torch was first trimmed at the altar before it lighted the way among the spoils of Egypt.

The mother forms the child. Like Gaston, the son of Margaret Sharpe, Carroll, the son of Eleanor Darnall, showed his gentle blood in courtly manners and aristocratic tastes. At Wardour Castle, among lords and gentlemen of high degree, and beneath the roof-tree of Washington, the noblest Roman of them all, he breathed an atmosphere in which he was perfectly at home. But at Bohemia Manor, Saint-Omer, Liege, Whitemarsh, and in the archiepiscopal palace of Baltimore, he had learned and practised the precepts taught in the Institute of Saint Ignatius, the lessons of poverty, chastity, and obedience. He was a Jesuit of the Jesuits. Rising, like Antæus, from the more than Herculean stroke of suppression which laid his order in the dust, he became the twofold founder of the American Church and of its first American College. When the day was far spent and his course nearly run, glad tidings of great joy under the seal of the Fisherman reached him, the voice of Peter speaking through the lips of Pius VII.: "We hereby expressly and specially repeal the brief of Clement XIV., of happy memory, beginning *Dominus et Redemptor noster*."

Archbishop Carroll felt himself again a Jesuit, blessing God, whose mercy is forever and ever, ready to lay down the mitre, and once more put on the black gown of his dear order. He had wished to follow the example of the Bishop of Verona and resign the burden of his great office. "Can I promote the honor of God more," said he, "by relinquishing than by retaining it?" Thus he wrote to Father Marmaduke Stone ten years before, when the Society of Jesus was slowly reviving. In the same letter he added these words, touching the controversy which I have already referred to in the preceding pages: "Into whose hands," said Bishop Carroll, "could the Diocese be committed, who would not perhaps thwart the establishment of the Society, and oppose the reinvestment in it of the property formerly possessed and still so providentially retained? These considerations have hitherto withheld my coadjutor and myself from coming to a resolution of returning to the Society." *

The order was restored on the 7th of August, 1814. Willingly, even then, would he have resigned his See and gone to Georgetown, which he had founded, seeking readmission as a simple Jesuit. But it was too late. Born January 8, 1735, he would be eighty years old in five months

* Shea's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, p. 521.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN CARROLL

Founder of Georgetown College

from the date of the restoration. He would not be a burden even in the house of Loyola. It was not long before the end came.

Attended by Father Grassi, a holy Jesuit of Georgetown College, to whom among his latest utterances he expressed his exceeding joy that his See was under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and by which Father he was tenderly prepared for a happy death, John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, honored of men and a favorite of heaven, departed this life at six o'clock in the morning, the Angelus hour, on Sunday, the 3d of December, 1815.

Archbishop Leonard Neale, the coadjutor who had wished to return to the Society with the venerated Carroll, succeeded him in the See of Baltimore. He supplemented his predecessor's transfer to the Jesuits of their farms in 1805 by a formal assignment to the Order, now fully restored and rehabilitated throughout the world, of all their ancestral estates in Maryland,—a sacred inheritance transmitted from apostles and martyrs, and providentially rescued from Protestant confiscation on the one hand, and the mailed hand of Bourbon robbers on the other.

The agreement by which was carried out this most equitable redemption was executed on the 3d of April, 1816, by an instrument in writing to which the parties were Leonard Neale, Archbishop

of Baltimore, for himself and on behalf of the Corporation of the Roman Catholic Clergymen of Maryland, parties of the first part, and John Anthony Grassi, S.J., Superior of the Maryland Mission and President of Georgetown College, for the Society of Jesus, party of the second part.*

In his "History of the College," referring to the years preceding the date of this agreement, Dr. Shea says (p. 43), "The College, in its announcements at this time, was said to be under the direction of 'The Incorporated Catholic Clergymen of Maryland.'" With his characteristic close scrutiny of important facts, the learned doctor had no further occasion, after 1816, to note that descriptive phrase.

Thenceforward it was a Jesuit College, of which Andrew White was pioneer, John Carroll was founder, and Leonard Neale the final restorer.

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* Shea's History of the Catholic Church in the United States, 1808–15 to 1843, p. 31.

CHAPTER IV

REMINISCENCES OF THE ERA OF DR. RYDER, THE PRIDE OF THE MARYLAND PROVINCE

I BEGAN my life among the Jesuits, and suppose I will continue among them or near to them to the end. A saint of the Order baptized me in infancy, a blessing for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. This was Father Dubuisson, who had seen life in the wars of Napoleon near to the person of the emperor, but he became admonished by the imprisonment of Pius VII. that the military staff of the Little Corsican was no place for a good Catholic. He accordingly threw up his commission, and, having still a taste for fighting, joined the advance guard of the Church militant, the followers of St. Ignatius. Well authenticated miracles took place at his and Prince Hohenlohe's joint intercession, the details of which are related by Bishop England.

When I was a little boy not yet in my teens, my father having gone to California with the Argonauts, my mother, on the 12th of March, 1851, took me up to Georgetown College and entered me a full-fledged student. Whew! how important it

all seemed! In the absence of Father Ryder, the President, Father Lynch, the Vice-President, received me; but when I said good-by to my mother, and saw her carriage roll away out of the big gate, I sat down on the porch of the North Building utterly frightened and desolate, and shed the first bitter tears of my life. There were several people walking about in strange black gowns and three-cornered little caps, each wearing a girdle of beads around the waist with a big medal pendant. One of them came over to console me, and soon another joined us. The first was Father Ardia, who had the most heavenly eyes I ever saw; the other was Father Curley, who told me he was well acquainted with my grandfather and great-grandfather, the latter then long since dead, and made me dry my eyes and forget my sorrow by talking about everybody at home like one of the family. Presently Father Lynch returned with Davy Hubbard, a collegian, and Brother Billy Smith, the dormitorian. The latter took away my trunk, and Davy Hubbard, a student from Alabama, became my constant companion for the next three days, inducting me into the mysteries of college life. Davy and I went immediately around the Walks, where we met another student, Jimmie Randall, author in after-years of the famous war song "Maryland, my Maryland," performing the same agreeable duties of *socius* for another new-comer.

My first teacher was Mr. Shyne, a layman, who presided over second and third rudiments. Having just been promoted from the nursery, I entered third rudiments, a class not usually included in the College course; but Father Ryder had come back recently from Mexico with two or three tots in his train from the land of the Montezumas, and this a b c class for them and me was started under Mr. Shyne. I recall the name of only one of those little boys,—Isidore Sota, from Orizaba, Mexico, with whom I became a fast friend. He went home with me to Alexandria for the Easter holidays, and, if still in the land of the living, he may remember how he cried and carried on when the day arrived for our return to College and the irksome tasks of short division and the spelling-book. I was soon promoted to second rudiments, and after vacations in '51 I came back and entered first rudiments, then taught by that formidable man, Mr. James McGuigan, S.J. Thomas E. Waggaman, a well-known citizen and art collector of Washington, was a classmate of mine at this time. Mr. McGuigan believed implicitly in Solomon's injunction, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son." Once he took me out of class and gave me a sound whipping with the cat-o'-nine-tails. How it stung, and how mad I got! It was very cold weather, and the canal was frozen from Georgetown to Alexandria. I strapped on my skates, and it was

not long before I reached home, a veritable runaway from College bounds and discipline. Expulsion, thought I, was an inevitable certainty; and so indeed it would have been had not Father Stonestreet been President, a former pastor of St. Mary's Church at Alexandria, who, on account of my extreme juvenility and his warm personal attachment to the old folks at home, imposed a proper penance on the contumacious rebel, and readmitted me to the College. Father Charles H. Stonestreet, an apostolic son of the Pilgrims, was a *preux chevalier* in every fibre. But that whipping did the business for me. Talk about it as we may, I am thoroughly persuaded that Mr. McGuigan's cats made a new man of me. From that day onward I became the closest student in a class of thirty or forty boys, and took the silver medal at the next commencement.

Mr. McGuigan once rescued Father James Clark from a sharp assault by a prominent gentleman of Georgetown, whose little son the Father had punished for some infraction of College rules. Father Clark had been a West Pointer, a dashing officer in the Florida war, and was perhaps as incapable of fear as any man alive, but when attacked with a cane by the Georgetown man, the old Adam flashed in his eye and face, and for one moment it looked like as pretty a fight as one could desire; when lo! the Jesuit got the better of the grim

soldier, and Father Clark calmly folded his arms and gave the assailant full scope for his splenetic rage. But Mr. McGuigan happened to be present, and, not yet having taken religious vows which would bind him over to keep the peace under all circumstances, pitched in, snatched the attacking party's cane from him, and shook the irate gentleman into his senses, of which he had seemed previously to be bereft. Father Clark was a profound mathematician, and author of a Differential Calculus. He taught First Mathematics when I was a member of that class. For him I had a deep affection. Jefferson Davis had been a classmate of his at West Point, and they were very cordial friends. When Secretary of War and United States Senator from Mississippi, the future Confederate President used to visit his old West Point crony at the College. Father Clark was a Pennsylvanian and a stanch Union man. "How do you like Fort Sumter?" once asked the celebrated Father John Boyce of the Jesuit at a dinner-party at the house of the author of "Shandy McGuire," pointing to a mound of jelly or ice-cream which the confectioner had fashioned into the shape of a fort. "I would like it better with the United States flag over it," replied Father Clark.

I went with him in 1860 to Harrisburg, where a young man was on trial for killing a nephew of Father Clark, whom he attacked without warning,

through jealousy, a young lady's preference for the matrimonial attentions of young Mr. Robinson, the name of the victim, being the innocent cause of the cowardly and fatal assault. Poor Charles Robinson had been a student at Georgetown, where I became well acquainted with him. His uncle and myself were called as witnesses to his general good character, which was excellent. Murder in the second degree was the unexpected verdict, brought about by the skill of pettifogging lawyers, rather than justice and a due execution of the laws, for the crime seemed to be a wilful murder, and the victim was a good citizen, respected and loved for sterling qualities and upright life.

When Father Clark in after-years became President of Holy Cross College, at Worcester, Massachusetts, he appointed me professor of Latin and Greek and English literature in that institution, where I spent two or three years pleasantly and profitably with my old Georgetown professor. He was a convert to the Catholic Church, and a truly holy man. He was a good executive officer, and was President of Gonzaga College at Washington after he left Holy Cross. Father Clark died at Georgetown College, September 9, 1885.

During the first century of its existence the College has had the services of many noted men of science among its professors. Perhaps the most distinguished of these were Fathers Wallace, Levins,

Secchi, and Curley, although there have been and are others of scarcely less repute. Father John G. Hagen, the present Director of the Observatory, is in the front rank of scientific scholars, not only in this country but in Europe; and Father John T. Hedrick, his accomplished assistant, is also a scholar of note.

In the early part of the century there were employed in the New York Literary Institution, an offshoot of Georgetown, situated on the site of the present magnificent St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, two young teachers of singular moral and intellectual merits. One of these young men, Thomas Kelly, was very saintly; the other, James Wallace, was a decided mathematician. They attended St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street, where a young widow, Mrs. Seton, also worshipped. She was the daughter of a distinguished physician of New York, Dr. Richard Bayley, whose family has given two famous converts to the Catholic Church, Mother Seton and James Roosevelt Bayley, eighth Archbishop of Baltimore. Dr. Richard Bayley rendered invaluable public service during the prevalence of yellow fever, and afterwards of ship fever, in New York, from the latter of which he died. His daughter had married a young New York gentleman, William Seton, a descendant of the Lords Seton, of Scotland, a family represented in the present age by the Earl of Winton, but his

early death had left her a widow with five little children to battle with the world alone. She became a Catholic, turned her back on the world of fashion, of which she had been a bright, beautiful ornament, and before the altar of St. Peter's heaped up riches for herself in heaven.

The two young tutors formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Seton, and a kindred feeling to relieve the wants and miseries of the poor made them excellent friends. To impart the blessings of Catholic education, not only to the wealthy classes, such as attended their instructions in the Literary Institution, but to the poor, the struggling, the many, who most needed their aid, this was the generous wish of Thomas Kelly and James Wallace. To provide for destitute orphans, and stretch out a helping hand to the many girls she saw growing up in ignorance of their Christian duties, was the noble desire of Mrs. Seton, the Madame Le Gras of America. The three holy souls often spoke to each other of their purposes and aims, and sometimes met for charitable conferences in the tower of St. Peter's Church, like St. Vincent de Paul and Madame Le Gras at the College of Bons Enfans in Paris. It was finally agreed among them that the two young men, as soon as their engagements in New York permitted, should go to Georgetown and apply for admission among the Jesuits, and that Mrs. Seton should go to Baltimore and apply

to Archbishop Carroll for regular employment among orphan girls in works of charity and education. The Archbishop and Father Dubourg, of St. Mary's College, a former President of Georgetown, extended to Mrs. Seton a cordial welcome, and after she had been for some time in Baltimore, she went to Emmittsburg to develop her charitable scheme, bearing from the Archbishop and the President of St. Mary's College strong letters of approval and recommendation to Father John Dubois, President of Mount St. Mary's College at Emmittsburg. Thus was established in the beautiful Valley of St. Joseph, nestling among the mountains, the Order of Sisters of Charity in the United States. The name of Mother Seton, the saintly foundress, is enshrined in the hearts of the whole American people, regardless of religious differences. On battle-field, in the fever-laden atmosphere of hospitals, in pest-house, the Sisters of Charity have become the white-winged angels of the human race; mothers of the motherless, in schools, academies, orphan asylums, magdalens, they labor unceasingly in the very spirit of their founder, that most beautiful character in the bead-roll of modern apostles, Saint Vincent de Paul.

The two young levites were received in the Jesuit Order, and distinguished themselves, the one, Wallace, for extraordinary scientific attainments; the other, Kelly, for Aloysian sanctity, but the

span of his life, like that of the patron saint of youth, was soon cut short by death. "Some days before his death," says Father John McElroy in his "Recollections," "he told Mr. Wallace he would die on the feast of the Assumption. Mr. Wallace thinking him somewhat delirious, turned his head and smiled. Mr. Kelly repeated he would find his words verified, and asked to be shaved. He continued perfectly sensible till the last moment. I was at his bedside, with the exception of a few moments, until his decease. He begged to be left alone to pray, in which he occupied himself with most fervent ejaculations, particularly to Jesus and Mary. His death, indeed, was that of the just. May my last end be like unto his! He died on the very day foretold by him."* Father Grivel, a distinguished Jesuit and a very holy man, had a similar premonition, I was once informed, of the very day of his death.

"Brother Wallace, a scholastic of the Society," writes Father Kohlmann, "is our master of mathematics, one of the ablest in the United States." An anecdote is related of his mathematical knowledge in an article on Gonzaga College in the "Woodstock Letters." M. Pageat, the French Ambassador to the United States, was dining one day at Washington with Father Matthews, and

* The Woodstock Letters, vol xix. pp. 18 and 19.

produced a mathematical problem over which European savants had been puzzling their brains, and offering prizes for its solution. Father Matthews proposed to have it solved in two hours by Father Wallace of Georgetown College. A messenger was despatched forthwith to the College, and returned before the dinner was over with the problem cleared up. "It had taken Father Wallace," he said, "but fifteen minutes to solve it." A fine collection of scientific works, some of which are still in the College Observatory, was shortly afterwards presented to Father Wallace by the French Academy,—a graceful recognition of his talents.

Another mathematician of rare ability was Father Levins, D.D., who was professor at Georgetown in the twenties. His diary contains an interesting account of the visit of Lafayette to the College in 1824, and of the "squabble" over banners between the students of the two Colleges, Columbia and Georgetown, at the gates of the Capitol, on the occasion of the grand parade in honor of the French patriot. His skill as a civil engineer was displayed when he was living at New York in the great works of the Croton Aqueduct. The plans for that marvel of its day, the High Bridge over Harlem River, were drawn by Dr. Levins. When that most brilliant of all our Secretaries of War, John C. Calhoun, was building up the Military Academy at West Point, he ten-

dered the professorship of engineering or mathematics in that institution to Dr. Levins. This was about the time of his retirement from the Society in 1824 or 1825. He did not accept Mr. Calhoun's offer, but became pastor of the Cathedral under Bishop Dubois at New York. Dr. Levins had a Drogheda temper of his own, which sometimes got him into hot water. Despite this infirmity, which led to his suspension by the spirited little French Bishop of New York, he was a good man and a true Catholic, and his faculties were restored to him when Bishop Hughes became coadjutor. Dr. Levins was editor of the *Green Banner*, one of the best of the early Catholic papers of the city of New York.

But the great scientific scholar among the Georgetown professors, as subsequently Father Camillus Mazzella, S.J., was the great theologian, was that master of physical problems, Father Angelo Secchi, S.J. His fame is world-wide; his rank is with Newton, Laplace, and Herschel. The student of science will find in Volume XXXII of the "Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society" Father Secchi's beautiful delineation of the lunar crater "Copernicus," so named after the astronomer of Cracow, which presents a true idea of the formation of the surface of the moon. Galileo was the first astronomer to gain with his telescope a rude idea of the real nature of the

lunar surface, and he traced in it a striking resemblance to the geography of our own globe. Milton adopted the suggestion of Galileo that the brighter and rougher portions of the moon might be continents, and the dark smooth portions oceans, when he depicts the Tuscan artist viewing the moon's orb through his optic glass,

> "To descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe."

But the improvements in the power of the telescope dashed these fine poetical visions, and Father Secchi with the polariscope discovered that the sun's rays passed through no liquid at the moon's surface; lunar atmosphere he sought in vain; supposed volcanoes in the moon he traced to bright spots illuminated by light from the earth. The fancies of Galileo and Milton faded away under the searching eye of Secchi, and the moon's true surface is now better known.

Father Secchi wrote from Rome in 1877 an interesting paper on the physical constitution of the sun for Professor Simon Newcomb's "Astronomy," which is published in full in that work, with a finely drawn illustration, Fig. 71, of "Secchi's Theory of Solar Spots." This celebrated astronomer came to Georgetown a year or two before I entered the College, and resided there a little less than twelve months. In speaking of him, Father

Curley said to a friend, "Father Secchi looked very much like Daniel Webster." While he was at the College he taught a class of physics, and constructed an electrical battery which was exhibited at the commencement in 1849, and held up sixteen hundred pounds. The magnet I believe is still at the College. The "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge" for 1852 contains Father Secchi's "Researches in Electrical Rheometry," a treatise which attracted no slight attention.

The name of Curley is one of the household words of Georgetown College. Mezzofanti's knowledge of languages was not more precocious than Father Curley's knowledge of faces and names. For over fifty years he taught at the College, and I myself have witnessed his recognition of old students whom he had not seen for twenty or thirty years, as occasion again brought them to the College. One student in 1832, Mr. Michael Delany, visited the College after almost a half-century of absence, an old man with gray hair. He was a little boy when he left, and he relates in a letter to the *College Journal* in 1894 that the good old priest recognized him at once, notwithstanding the changes which fifty years had made in his person. Father Curley taught Natural Philosophy when I was in that class. Can any old student who graduated at Georgetown during his half-cen-

tury of teaching say that Father Curley was not also his professor, or failed to know him whenever he visited the College?

Dear old man, simple, holy, learned, I can see him still, as he goes forward with his peculiar long stride, now to the Convent to say mass for the nuns; now to the greenhouse to tend his beloved flowers; or climbing the hill over by the vineyard on his way to the Observatory. I will never forget his appearance one night as he was descending the stairs from his bedroom in the North Building. He carried a candle in his hand, which pierced the surrounding gloom, and gave him a weird look. The Philodemic meetings were held in the Philosophy Room next door to the Library, directly under Father Curley's chamber. It was getting on towards war times, and everybody was in a belligerent mood. Our debate that night was particularly stormy. Jack Gardiner's stentorian tones had penetrated up-stairs to Father Fulton's room next door to Father Curley's, and a characteristic message already had been sent down from Father Fulton: "Ask Mr. Gardiner please not to swear so loud in his flights of eloquence." The climax was finally reached, and a scene followed not unlike some of those then frequently occurring in Congress,—a free fight. Bill Hodges, of Mississippi, who sat next to me, sprang at the Vice-President of the Society, James Owen Martin, of Louisiana,

Jack Gardiner, of Maryland, rushed at me, Bob Brown, of Mississippi, at Warfield Semmes, of Georgetown, and Henry Foote, of Mississippi, was rushing Joe Orme, of Washington, eloquently along the floor. Jim Dooley, of Virginia, Gus Wilson, of Maryland, Jim Hoban and Pres. Sands, of Washington, Alphonse Rost, "Sonny" Buard, Paul and Placide Bossier, Bob Lovelace, and Lassaline Briant, of Louisiana, James L. O'Byrne, of Georgia, and many other Philodemics, were mixed up in the mêlée in inextricable confusion, when somebody suddenly put out the lights and left us in total, ludicrous darkness. A lull in the storm ensued. It was at this moment, the door having been opened, that we beheld Father Curley in skull-cap descending the stairs right in front of us, shading his eyes with one hand, and holding a candle above his head in the other, as he peered in dubiously to the quarters of the contending hosts. He looked like a spectre in the darkness, but it was a good spectre after all, for the apparition exorcised the spirit of war and ended the fracas. Father Early, the President of the College, sternly prohibited future meetings of the Philodemic Society for the rest of the year. All appeals of the budding orators to be allowed to continue our debates were denied, all promises of amendment futile. The genial smile of the rector was gone. "I am determined

to put a stop to such disgraceful scenes," retorted Father Early; and the fatherly eyes for once snapped with fire, and the quivering lips, where so much good nature usually hovered, carried the menace home to every one of us that expulsion awaited those who should again get into such a chance medley. *Claudite fores!* and as we walked out, bang went the door upon a wiser if not a happier set of extinguished orators.

Father Curley, the learned astronomer, was the first director of the Observatory, which the generosity of Father Stonestreet had enabled him to complete. He discovered the true meridian of Washington when the reckonings of others were all astray. "His first work," says Dr. Shea, in his "History of the College," "was to determine exactly the true meridian; the Jesuit astronomer found that his calculation did not coincide with that of the Government Observatory at Washington. There was a natural reluctance to admit an error in their calculations, but when the laying of the first Atlantic cable, in 1858, enabled American astronomers to revise their observations with greater accuracy, the calculations of the Georgetown professor were sustained, and his meridian was recognized as correct."

Father Curley, who was born October 25, 1796, lived to his ninety-third year. Shortly after his death, which occurred July 24, 1889, some reminis-

cences of him were communicated to the *College Journal* by my father, the late Professor Hugh C. McLaughlin, of Rock Hill College, Maryland, who had known him since 1831.

"My last interview with the venerable Jesuit," he says, "took place on the 25th of June of the present year, the day of the annual commencement of Georgetown College. In company with my son and grandson, I was conducted to Father Curley's chamber in the Infirmary by Rev. Father Richards, S.J., President of the College. The meeting was a touching one. Memories of long ago were revived, names of departed ones who had figured in college life over fifty years before were recalled. The Georgetown of the Dzierosinskys, Dubuissons, Mulledys, Fenwicks, and Ryders again rose before our vision, and wonderful it was to me to hear the aged priest, almost a centenarian, as he peopled the place with its ancient giants, and dwelt upon some characteristic incident in the life of each one of them with a recollection that was indeed extraordinary and surprising. Pointing to my son, whom he had taught, and to my grandson, Father Curley said, 'Here are three generations of your family present, but I was well acquainted with two more generations before you,—Mr. Edmund Sheehy, your wife's father, and Mr. Edward McLaughlin, her grandfather,—and visited them at their homes in Alexandria before you

were married.' As clear as the mind was, I saw that the enfeebled frame was almost at its journey's end, and so did not prolong my visit. 'Bless the three generations that yet survive, venerable father,' I said, as I took his hand for the last time; and as we all knelt down in front of the arm-chair in which he sat, the holy priest raised his arm over us, and, resting his hand successively on our heads, invoked the blessing of God with affectionate fervor upon myself, my son, and my grandson."

I remember the first time I ever saw Father Ryder, "the pride of the Maryland Province," as he was justly called, and the impression he made on me continues to this day. It was a year or two before I went to the College, and although I was a little child, I distinctly recollect his arrival one day at my father's house in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, in company with Father Peter O'Flanagan, S.J., the beloved pastor of Trinity Church, Georgetown.

Father Ryder's ability as a preacher made him a favorite everywhere throughout the Union, and his services were constantly sought after in the pulpit or on the platform, and even before Congress, where his discourse upon the late Representative Bossier, in presence of the great officers of government, the diplomatic corps, and a large throng of people, won plaudits from such men as Clay, Preston, and Calhoun. Indeed, he was re-

garded as a second Bishop England on account of the splendor of his eloquence, his depth of theological learning and general scholarship. Overflowing crowds, as formerly in the case of the Bishop of Charleston, or at a later day in that of Father Tom Burke, gathered to hear Father Ryder. He was born in Dublin in the year 1800, and had the rich diction, voice, and intonation peculiar to educated men of that city, where the English language is spoken, as scholars remark, with greater purity than in any other place in the British Empire. His father was a Protestant, who died while his son was a child. His mother, who was a Catholic, came to America and placed James at Georgetown College as a student. This entry occurs in Father McElroy's diary: "1813. Jan. 29. This day Rev'd Fr Malone arrived at the College, accompany'd by Masters Doyle and Ryder; these two make our number of boarders 45." He soon applied for admission to the Jesuit Order, and went to Whitemarsh to make his noviceship. In 1820 he was sent to Rome to complete his studies in company with several other bright young men,—Pise, Fenwick, Mulledy, McSherry, and Smith,—nearly all of whom became men of mark in after years. Upon finishing his course, Father Ryder was appointed Professor of Theology and Sacred Scriptures at the University of Spoleto, in Italy, the Archbishop of that See then being Cardinal Ferrati,

afterwards better known to the world as Pope Pius IX., a true hero of Christianity as ever lived. Between the Cardinal and Dr. Ryder acquaintance ripened into the warmest affection; two such men could hardly be together without attracting each other, and the friendship continued throughout their lives.

The visit to Upper Marlboro was in consequence of an unexpected attack upon Dr. Ryder by the late James A. McMaster, editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and shortly afterwards a spirited reply under a *nom de plume*, but written by my father, appeared in the Boston *Pilot*. The controversy, as is usual in such cases, waxed warm, and Mr. McMaster got it into his head that Dr. Ryder was the writer in the *Pilot*, and so declared. The disputants wielded vigorous pens, and charges and denials, rejoinders and surrejoinders attracted wide attention, and finally got into the New York *Herald*, in which paper the authorship of the letters was avowed by my father over his own name.

Mr. McMaster was a convert, and an excellent man, but an extremist. He had criticised the theology of one of Dr. Ryder's sermons, and hence the controversy. The elder James Gordon Bennett, himself I have heard educated for the Church, ridiculed the notions of Mr. McMaster as hypercritical and untenable, and invented the nickname of "Abbé McMaster" for him, which stuck to the

Catholic editor for life. Profoundly versed in the schools of St. Thomas, of Bellarmin, of Petavius, and of Suarez, Dr. Ryder, who had as little of merely human ambition as any man I have ever known, felt no concern over a passing criticism of his tenets, but as president of the leading Catholic College in the country his friends considered it important that he should not be placed in a wrong light before the public.

He was temporarily absent, I repeat, from the College when my mother took me there to become a student, but soon returned, having been away on a missionary journey to Charleston and Savannah. I had been getting up previously with the other boys about five o'clock in the morning, but in view of my diminutive size Dr. Ryder sent for me one day, and, after some playful remarks upon that unconscionable hour, allowed me to sleep two hours longer in company with the other little shavers, of whom there were seven or eight at the College,—the Macedos, Sota, and others. I enjoyed the privilege greatly, for tumbling out of bed before daylight and hurrying down-stairs to the wash-room in the basement, thence across the yard in the nipping March air to the study-room and chapel in the south row, was not precisely a joyous pastime to a certain little boy of my proclivities. The students went in ranks to the chapel, refectory, and dormitory, and when the

line was formed all talking was strictly forbidden.

One night, going up to the dormitory, I broke this rule, as I was good deal of a chatterbox. Mr. Gentinetta, the prefect, espied me, and when I got to the top of the stairs and turned into the upper dormitory, a sharp grip of the culprit's ear turned my whisper into a screech, "Ouch! that hurts," for which double offence of first whispering and then yelling out loud I was incontinently turned out of the dormitory, and sent about my business. Down-stairs near the front door I went, and took a seat in the passage on the bench between the parlor and museum. Along about nine o'clock I heard the President's door open at the head of the first flight of stairs, and down the steps came Dr. Ryder himself on his way to the community chapel in the old building. I began to get frightened now. "What are you doing here, my child?" said he. I told the whole story. "It is against the rules to talk in ranks, and you must not do it any more. Come with me." This very paternally. Up the stairs we walked, side by side, in perfect silence, one, two, three, four flights, to the very top of the North Building. Mr. Gentinetta was near the door as we went in. The President beckoned to him, and as he approached, said rather frigidly, in a low tone, "Allow this little boy to go to his bed," and departed without

another word. I hastened to bed greatly relieved.

Some of our most celebrated orators have left no written speeches worthy of their fame. William Pinkney, the greatest lawyer of his age, who was described by John Marshall, Joseph Story, and Roger B. Taney as eloquent in a transcendent degree, has afforded to us no means of judging of his powers from his literary remains. The same want is felt in the case of Dr. Ryder. He was an artist in the use of language in the sense that Tennyson and Ruskin are artists, fitting the thought in a vesture so suitable that it seemed a part of it. I heard him once describe Judas by the single word "rascal," and picture with the delicacy of Meissonier the whole Grecian and Roman civilizations by one adjective for each of those mighty races: "the proud Greek and splendid Roman." If you attempted to give his thoughts in any other language the charm was gone. Welded by the Ryder genius, the delicate tracery, the cunning joinery must remain as the artist constructed them or they vanished. Yet I was told by an old Jesuit that Ryder toiled, and moiled, and shed the brine of labor over his books for long years, wrote and copied with the zeal of a Scriptorian monk, assimilated his style to the best models, and wasted the midnight lamp, *limæ labor et mora*, in perfecting himself for his after-flight.

No man could attain to his eminence who did not do it. All must do it who would become true artists in any field of human endeavor.

Imagine a reporter following him through the dialectics of a syllogism, to which this American Bourdaloue was much addicted, the discursive flight of his creative imagination, the unexpected transition to a pithy epigram, the rapid fire of a summarized recapitulation,—division, narrative, argument, body, soul, and essence of the discourse epitomized into a few winged words,—and where would your poor reporter be? I once heard him preach a funeral sermon with which the mourners were so impressed that one of them prevailed upon me to ask the preacher to let them have it for publication in pamphlet form. "My dear Jimmie," replied Dr. Ryder, "it is not in my power to oblige our good friends; the remarks were impromptu. I have not written out a sermon during the past twenty years."

Reporters found it exceedingly difficult to follow him; not that he was too vehement in manner,—indeed, he was not so at all, however vehement the play of mind might be; but when he got well under way he was so magnetic, his idiosyncrasy was so very much that of the perfect orator,—voice, gesture, eye, train of thought, like the limited express at full speed, everything went onward with such rapt unity and vim,—that it was

next to impossible to report him correctly. His strokes were like symphonies of Beethoven,—first a single deep one, followed by two, then by three, next one again, when the climax came with an intense burst of sonorous eloquence. His wit and raillery were delicate and incisive, and were brought into play with pure Attic expression dashed with Irish flavor quite delicious. His logic and reasoning power so permeated the whole discourse that I fancy the best short-hand reporter would find himself caught in the spell, and before he was disenchanted the thread would escape him, and his fingers forget their cunning in the best parts.

When the beautiful church of St. Aloysius, in Washington, was built, under plans designed by Father Sestini, another of Georgetown's brilliant scientific scholars and mathematicians, whose admirable likeness by Brumidi appears among the figures of the altar piece,—the First Communion of Saint Aloysius,—the dedication of the church, in 1859, was made an imposing and memorable event. The two foremost Catholic orators of the country were invited to preach,—Archbishop Hughes, of New York, at the High Mass, and Dr. Ryder at Vespers. I heard both discourses. The church was crowded with distinguished people on both occasions. President Buchanan attended the morning services, Stephen A. Douglas, the

DR. JAMES RYDER, S.J.
Nineteenth President of Georgetown College

Little Giant of the Senate, the evening. There was great and bitter rivalry at that time for control of the Democratic party between the President and Senator, and the discord that followed in the Charleston Convention of 1860 disrupted the Democracy, and led to the election of Abraham Lincoln. The absence of Mr. Buchanan in the evening, when Dr. Ryder preached, was commented upon at the time by those who were aware of the friendship and intimacy which had long existed between the two gentlemen. Dr. Ryder, I have heard, had once instructed Mr. Buchanan, at the latter's request, in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and my informant said that the old statesman had remarked to the priest, as the result of these conferences, that all of his doctrinal difficulties had been solved save one,—the doctrine of transubstantiation, and that if Dr. Ryder could demonstrate that cardinal point satisfactorily he would have overcome his doubts. Ryder undertook the task, and Buchanan, after repeated conferences between them, after much reading and deep weighing of authorities, finally admitted to his instructor that he had no other objections to offer. Then Dr. Ryder told him he must become a Catholic, and Mr. Buchanan procrastinated. Ryder became alarmed for his distinguished catechumen, and frankly told him he could no longer plead doubts as to faith, or invincible ignorance,

as the theologians call it. Buchanan was not pleased at the turn the controversy had taken, but Ryder, who was a man of positive character, redoubled his assurances that he was under an imperative obligation to enter the Church. Mr. Buchanan was also a man of positive character, and remarked that as he had not decided upon that step, he must put it off for future consideration. As Ryder was inexorable, Buchanan took offence, and thus the two friends parted.

One New Year's day I met Dr. Ryder at Mr. Howell Cobb's reception. Cobb was Secretary of the Treasury in Buchanan's administration. We left the Secretary's house together, and walked to the corner of G and Fifteenth Streets. "I am going to the President's, Father Ryder; are you not going there, too?" I said. His answer was an emphatic "no." It is so long since this occurred, about forty years, that it would be idle to attempt to give his words, but I well remember that his refusal to visit the White House was emphatic and unmistakable. The estrangement had taken place long before the dedication of the Church of St. Aloysius, and, of course, President Buchanan was not among the orator's hearers.

Reports of the sermon were published in various papers throughout the country, but as usual failed to give an adequate idea of the matchless eloquence of the orator. There was a practised writer in

Washington, an old friend of Dr. Ryder, who had the temerity to edit the newspaper versions of the sermon, having himself heard it, and he brought it out in pamphlet shape. But it proved only a half-breed. Before sending his notes to the printer he submitted them to the orator himself for correction and emendation. Dr. Ryder's letter in reply, which the editor of the sermon gave to me, is here reproduced for the first time after thirty-nine years' repose in my scrap-book. The "chaos" of the reports is modestly but pungently pointed out by the orator.

"My dear Friend,—How can I thank you for the kind interest you evince and the trouble you have taken to give order and light to the chaos *perhaps* of my thoughts, certainly of others' reports? God, I hope, will reward you. Now, as I only received the package this morning (Monday), and you wish it to-morrow, I cannot, sick as I still am, undertake to do much; but I will suggest that you change on the first page 'tasty' into *tints*, church into 'chair of truth.' In the other sentence, the last part should read after sacrifice 'offered thereon under the forms of bread and wine.' The next sentence should read thus: 'The Catholic heart under these influences has expanded, and from the contemplation of the material perfections of this earthly structure easy is the transition to the contemplation,' &c., &c. On page 19 (by the bye what means such paging?) erase after the word 'directed' the rest of the printed sentence, and place a full-stop after '*directed*.' In place of *defence* put *edifice*. In page 20 it were well to italicize the notes of the Church, also the word *all* in the same page, as from it the argument flows: the text also should be, 'teaching them to observe *all things* whatsoever I have commanded you.' On page 25 I put *true* victim, and

make the sentence read, 'who, according to the order of Melchisedech, under the appearance of bread and wine, offer no other than the sacred body and blood of the Godman.' Page 30, after the words who died upon the cross, add 'and who declared to the world that once elevated upon the ignominious gibbet, He would draw all things to Himself.' In the last sentence, instead of *privilege of their compact*, put '*approval of their creed*, and their unwavering faithfulness to the Faith they have received will sanctify them to the end of time.'

"God bless you and yours, and believe me,

"Most gratefully,

"Your friend,

"J. RYDER, S.J.

"November 7, 1859."

Some time before, the same gentleman who gave me the preceding letter had sent a bottle of rare wine to Dr. Ryder during the latter's sickness. The graceful note of acknowledgment from the priest was also presented to me, and from my scrap-book I here subjoin it. I was not the James mentioned in the note.

"ALEXANDRIA, VA., March 15, 1858.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your cordial present, with your still more cordial note of congratulation on my recovery, I have received through the kindness of James, and sincerely thank you for both. The *liquid* I have tasted, and despite all the defects of a vitiated palate, drugged of late with pills, &c., I consider it the true, genuine article, worthy of the *gracious* Operto, and improved by the *gravity* of age, truly Lusitanian. In this kind of wine I have some experience, for while in Philadelphia we imported the pure Port from a conventual vineyard in Operto. It is so pure that I should think even Father Mathew might not object to it. I hope I shall be able

to drink your health and that of your amiable family in a glass of it on St. Patrick's day. I am still far from well, but if this lovely weather continues I hope ere long to be myself again.

"James has been my constant companion of late, though I heartily wished him better employment. The vista that you pen is cheering. May it not be a *cul-de-sac*. It is, however, in good hands. Mr. Kelly is a real Irish advocate, fearless, cordial, and persevering. I long to make his acquaintance. With best wishes for your health and happiness, and those of your family, I am,

"With great sincerity,

"Gratefully yours,

"James Ryder, S.J."

The Mr. Kelly here referred to was Mr. John Kelly, of New York, at that time an influential member of Congress. Father Ryder was transferred from Alexandria, where he had been modest assistant to the quaint Father Peter Kroes, S.J., to St. Joseph's Church at Philadelphia. During the last year or two of his life he was in failing health, and died in the latter city January 12, 1860, almost about the same time that the saintly Bishop Neumann, the glory of the Church of Philadelphia, suddenly passed away. The life of such a Jesuit as Dr. Ryder presents a sharp contrast to that of a great worldly man. The powerful Provincial of yesterday guiding his Order, is the humble subordinate in a small parish to-day. Ryder at Alexandria, Brady at Bohemia Manor, and Fulton in New York, went about obedient to others, faithful in

small things as they had been in great, shining examples of a true humility which teaches the world an object lesson much needed as a corrective of that sin by which the angels fell,—ambition. Heroes, indeed, were those Jesuits in the right sense of the word.

The Philodemic Society, founded by Dr. Ryder at Georgetown in 1830, held commemorative exercises on the day of his funeral, when I made some memorial remarks on account of my intimate relations with the deceased, at the request of my fellow-members of the Society. The Philodemic printed my youthful tribute. A gentleman who remembered the former friendship between Dr. Ryder and Mr. Buchanan advised me to send a copy of the speechlet to the President. I did so, and received the following reply:

"WASHINGTON, 31st March, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your favor of the 23d instant, with the accompanying copy of your eulogy on the late Rev. Dr. Ryder. I shall take great pleasure in reading your remarks when I can find leisure to do so.

"The pressure of important public duties must be my excuse for not acknowledging your favor at an earlier day.

"Yours respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"MR. JAMES FAIRFAX MCLAUGHLIN,
"GEORGETOWN COLLEGE."

I had not expected a letter from the President of the United States in response to a school-boy's

effusion, but older heads than mine understood its meaning better. When Mr. Buchanan was Senator and Secretary of State, and Dr. Ryder President of Georgetown College, the statesman's carriage was often at the College to take the Jesuit to dinner at the hospitable table of the distinguished Pennsylvanian. For years they were intimate friends, though latterly estranged; and those who knew of these things construed the courtesy to me as a bow of the President of the United States to the ghost of an old and tender friendship.

CHAPTER V

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CLASS-ROOM—THE TWO MULLEDYS

IT was my lot to plod steadily, a year in each class, from First Rudiments to Philosophy. I made Third Humanities under Mr. Tehan; Second Humanities under Mr. Prendergast; First Humanities under Mr. Jameson; Poetry under Father Barber for a part of the year, who fell sick about the period of middle examinations, and under Father Brady for the rest of that year; Rhetoric under Father Fulton; and Philosophy under Father Nota.

Mr. Prendergast and Father Barber were the best teachers I ever had. They possessed the teaching faculty in a marked degree, and I learned more under them than under anybody else. Mr. Prendergast was a large, raw-boned man, of strong Celtic characteristics and thorough-going methods. By the bye, he was the best weight-thrower or shot-putter in the house. His way of getting down to business was novel. When the lesson, for example, in Lucian's Dialogues or Xenophon's Anabasis, was in order, he would turn to Charley

Dimitry, who sat at the upper end of the right-hand bench, and exclaim, in a loud tone, "Demethry, *και* and." This meant, like Father Nota's "*incipiamus nos*," that we were now to proceed with the lesson. Mr. Prendergast believed in short tasks, but absolute thoroughness. Five or six lines of Greek were all he required. This we thought a trifling, easy task, as we could translate that little bit in a few minutes. But when "Old Prendy" uttered the inevitable "*και* and," and we began and rattled off the translation, then the real trouble began. You had not only to parse, but pick to pieces every word, give the parts of speech and their derivations, conjugate the verbs *usque ad finem*, decline the nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, tell the declensions, explain the diæresis, government, ellipsis, construction, why this tense and that mood were used and not others, descant upon the functions of the middle aorist and optative dative, etc., until your head fairly reeled with Greek roots. If you slipped up, "Old Prendy" was at you *instanter*. "Hot, sir?" (*Videlicet*, "What, sir?") "Next one." This meant every boy in the class, one after another, hit or miss, and not one of us was sure whether he had answered rightly or wrongly till the whole class had been polled. By that time curiosity, competition, rivalry, eager desire to solve the question and come out ahead, seized upon each boy, and when at length the wide-awake teacher

gave his own clear version, full and masterly, we all had learned something new, something that we remembered, from the way it was hammered into us and driven home. We soon found out that those five or six little lines of Xenophon or Lucian had many knotty intricacies in them that we hadn't dreamed of when we began to translate them so glibly at the start. Greek was Mr. Prendergast's strong point.

Father Barber followed a similar plan on a more extended scale. Each student in the class of Poetry was called upon to point out the niceties of every word or passage, both in recitations and compositions, weigh the meaning and give his opinion, before the professor in clear, polished, philosophical style told us where we had tripped, what this master or that had to say on the point, and the exact prosody, inflection, definition, and shading of the word and thought of Cicero or Horace, Homer or Virgil, or whoever the author might be. Father Barber was a polished, classical scholar, and a man of exquisite taste in English literature. Boyd Faulkner, of Martinsburg, Virginia, was my classmate in Poetry, and enjoyed with me the masterly instructions of Father Barber. Boyd's father, Charles James Faulkner, was a distinguished graduate of Georgetown, and as member of Congress and United States Minister to France took high rank among American states-

men. Boyd himself is now an able judge on the bench in West Virginia.

Fathers Nota and Curley did not have the teaching faculty in a high degree, a proof that the possession of deep learning, with which all of their acquaintances competent to judge could not fail to credit them, is not always accompanied with the art of imparting it. Father Fulton in many respects was an admirable teacher, in others not so happy. His taste in some directions was the finest of all the professors of my day; but he was prone to be nervous, and apt to disconcert you by an eruptive groan when you stumbled, or by witticisms which perennially bubbled from his lips, to the keen enjoyment of everybody else except the unfortunate wight who provoked the sally. But I learned under him many useful things that I never quite forgot, though I did not think the management of bumptious young men was his forte. What a depth of observation he had, though, of style and comparative philology! Father Fulton was a born critic; the tone of his mind, like John Randolph's or Edgar A. Poe's, was acutely perceptive, and at times drastic. But his sense of humor was large, and he often toyed with words and thoughts with inimitable effectiveness. In short, he was a man of genius. No student who had him for teacher could fail to learn much that was of the greatest utility.

One of the most interesting men I ever knew at Georgetown was Father Joseph O'Callaghan, S.J., who was prefect when I went back in September, 1855, after two years' absence on account of sickness. His extraordinary, scimitar-shaped nose in ninety-nine like cases out of the hundred would have provoked the gravest beholder to laughter; but his was the exception, the one hundredth anomaly of a nose that was not funny or absurd. He told me he was walking one day along the street in Baltimore with Father Robert Brady,—they were inseparable companions, the one, Brady, about six feet four or five inches high, the other, O'Callaghan, nearly a foot shorter,—when he heard a boy near by exclaim to another boy around the corner, "Oh, Charley, Charley, look what a d—l of a snout that small man's got!" The incident seemed to amuse Father O'Callaghan not a little. But the face and beaming eye redeemed the ancillary nose absolutely. He was the most universally beloved man in the College. A deep scholar, with exhaustless wells of information on almost every subject, he was always surrounded with a bevy of boys, charmed no less by the fascination of his manners than his conversation. Capping Latin verses was one of his accomplishments, at which few in the house could compete with him. One holiday afternoon I entered into a contest with him, having crammed myself full of the mythology

names ending in X Y and Z in Ovid, thinking thereby to overcome him. In half an hour my store was exhausted, and he put me to rout with—

"Ix atque-yx produc. Histrix cum fornice, varix;"

or,

"Contrahe; mastichis his et Eryx, calycisque, et Japyx;"

or some such jawbreaker, numbers of which he had at the end of his tongue.

His brilliant public defence in the Latin language of a circle of philosophical and theological theses before a large and learned company at the College, with Monsignor Bedini, the Papal Nuncio, principal objector, was as remarkable as that described by Bishop England when young Martin John Spalding, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, made a like defence before the Propaganda at Rome, with Cardinal Angelo Mai presiding, and such giants as Mezzofanti, Wiseman, and Perrone for chief adversaries. How we applauded and were carried away with enthusiasm when our masterful little man parried every thrust, and traversed with firm step the circle of logic, ontology, cosmology, psychology, ethics, and moral and dogmatic theology, while the learned Nuncio was trying to impede his progress at every step, but who at last joined with the whole audience in the hand-clap-

ping in genuine admiration for the young victor of a hundred obstinate digladiations.

I saw Messrs. O'Callaghan, Fulton, Brady, Young, and McAtee ordained in the College chapel by Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, of Baltimore, July 25, 1857. The three first rose to be Provincials of their Order. The death of Father O'Callaghan in 1869 was very sad, and evoked wide-spread grief. He was returning from Europe on the steamer Pereire, having just been appointed Provincial, when a huge wave struck the ship, crushing in the side where the pious Jesuit was devoutly reading his office, and killing him almost instantly. Truly was it said, "A great man has fallen this day in Israel."

The two Virginia brothers, Fathers Thomas F. and Samuel A. Mulledy, belong to a preceding chapter rather than to this, but their names occur to me as I write. Father Tom was much more prominently connected with College life than Father Sam, but I knew the latter better. He was a man of the first endowments, a "strong-minded" man, as Father Kohlmann once said of him in a letter from Rome, whither Samuel Barber and Samuel Mulledy had been sent to make their noviceship and studies at San Andrea. He was for a short time President of Georgetown College, and afterwards came to New York, having had his "ups and downs," and was engaged in pa-

rochial duties at St. Lawrence's Church in that city, a house of the Jesuits. He spent there the remainder of his days, greatly beloved by the congregation. He died an edifying death in 1866, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. Not long ago I visited St. John's College at Fordham, where my sons are students, and while walking through the College cemetery I passed a grave, the modest headstone of which, "In memory of Samuel Mulledy, S.J.," startled me as though the familiar voice of an old friend had unexpectedly accosted me. I threw a simple flower on the "turf that wraps his clay," and recalled traditions of his brilliant intellect at Georgetown, where he was long remembered as a bright, particular star. Although associations of his early life are wanting at Fordham to keep his memory green, yet kindred dust mingles with his own. He sleeps his last sleep among holy, departed Jesuits, many of them like himself famous for the lustre of their talents and attainments. The spires and towers of his beloved Georgetown cast not their shadows where Father Mulledy lies, but the noble Jesuit College of St. John's, one of the most justly celebrated Catholic seats of learning in America, keeps sentinel over his dust. The very suddenness with which I came upon the spot where Father Mulledy is buried revived old memories and emotions unbidden, and I was happy to relate some reminis-

cences of this famous classical scholar of Georgetown to the President of St. John's, Father Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., himself a scholar and orator of high rank, whose recent address on Christian Marriage at Colgate University, a Protestant College, has won a wide celebrity. The last time I saw Father Mulledy he was surrounded by some of the dearest friends of my youth, some of the brightest wits, most learned scholars, and accomplished gentlemen of Georgetown, a Brocard, Fenwick, Lynch, Ryder, Blox, Paresce, Stonestreet, Hoban, De Necker, Duddy, John McGuigan, Ward, Clarke, and other kindred spirits. Profitable and delightful were those days, memorable and instructive those Attic nights, spent not in idleness, frivolities, nor gilded halls of pleasure,

> "But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poesy."

Father Thomas F. Mulledy was one of the famous band of six Georgetown scholastics sent to Rome in 1820 to study and equip themselves under the guidance of Father Aloysius Fortis, General of the Society, who was determined to revive the old *Ratio Studiorum*, which from the days of Father Maldonatus to those of the suppression made the Jesuits the finest scholars in Europe. A Society which had won plaudits from the three greatest Protestants in the world, Bacon,

Grotius, and Leibnitz, must recover its former pace,—

> "Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum,
> Collegisse juvat."

Georgetown contributed those six young men who accompanied Father McElroy to the State Department to get their passports for the outward voyage from that old Heliodorus of a scholar himself, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State. Having completed a thorough course in Italy, they returned to Georgetown and took charge in earnest of the work before them. Father Mulledy became President in 1829, Father Ryder Vice-President, and Father George Fenwick Prefect of Studies. The value to Georgetown of the services of this triumvirate it would be difficult to estimate; it was incalculable. Father Tom Mulledy was the Ajax Telamon of his day, as he had been before when prefect and teacher. The rough, turbulent element, of which in old times Georgetown had more than its share, found in him its master. That gifted collegian, the late Daniel A. Casserly, in an exceedingly well-written sketch of the College, published in *Scribner's Magazine* for September, 1880, relates the following anecdote:

"A story is told of President Mulledy while still a scholastic—a Jesuit is so known previous to ordination—which marks the temper of the

man and the occasional roughness of the material he had to mould to ways of peace and gentleness. While teaching class one day, a burly backwoodsman, renowned for fistic prowess, defied his authority, and proposed to throw him out of the window if he insisted on it. It was a crisis, as all present knew, and unless the teacher could command it, his usefulness was gone. Mr. Mulledy, without stopping the lesson, quietly sent to his President for permission to treat the defiance in his own way, and, that obtained, tucked up his *soutane* and gave battle to his refractory pupil, polishing him off artistically, to the delight of his class. It is even said that he completed the challenger's prescription by pitching him out of the window,—which, for the story's sake, as the window was a low one, one would like to believe. However this may be, it is safe to say that that teacher's authority was not again questioned, nor was there ever a more popular president. Boys do not dislike to see their teacher abdicate his throne on occasion, and show himself of the same flesh and blood as themselves."

It was during Father Mulledy's term that the famous "Paddy's Complaint" was written by some one at the College, and printed and distributed in a broadside among the students and community. So biting was the satire, so vitriolic its pungency, that not a single copy has come down to us;

every one was seized and destroyed, and it would have gone hard with the author, *damnatus ad bestias*, if he had been found out. But he wasn't. Several were suspected, yet it would not do to act on suspicion, and nothing was known by which the author could be unearthed. Some attributed it to Father Grace, others to Brother Anthony McElroy, still others to Professor Hugh C. McLaughlin, a lay teacher. Significantly pointing to the bake-house in the basement of the three-story brick building where, in its second and third stories, several of the lay teachers and Brother McElroy had their rooms, Father Ryder said, "A fresh batch or two are now in the oven, and very soon will be ready to hand around." This shrewd guess was meant for those who dwelt in that quarter, but it was mere guesswork, and the responsibility for "Paddy's Complaint" was not fixed upon any one. The provocation which had called forth the satire was not a slight one. There were Irish and anti-Irish parties in those days at the College as elsewhere, and, as occurred between Whigs and Locofocos, Native Americans and Democrats, feeling ran high among them.

On Saint Patrick's day, 1832, the effigy of a Paddy with a string of fish and potatoes and a bottle of whiskey was hung up at the College near Father Grace's door. This excited the ire of the sons of Erin, and shortly after "Paddy's Com-

plaint" was issued. Echoes of it still lingered at the College in my day, a quarter of a century afterwards, but not a copy of the pasquinade was extant. The elders of the house told us that its appearance produced a great sensation in 1832. In his "History of the College" (page 102), Dr. Shea says: "The spring of 1832 had its College sensation, which produced 'Paddy's Complaint,' the wittiest Hudibrastic strain ever written in its academic halls. It still lives in the traditions of the institution as one of the most clever and severe retaliations. No copy of it has apparently been preserved; but John T. Doyle, Esq., of San Francisco, a graduate of the class of 1838, says, in a letter dated November 8, 1888, and published the next month in the College Journal, 'I have, somewhere among my treasures, a copy of the "Paddy's Complaint," one of the original printed copies. They are more rare than the Mazarin Bible or the early quartos of Shakespeare's plays, veritable *incunabula;* if I can find it, I will transmit it to you to be deposited in the College Museum or Library, and to be reproduced—so far, at least, as fit for reproduction—in the columns of the Journal. So far, however, my search has not been successful.' The historian must add his fear," continues Dr. Shea, "that this last known copy has perished. There were two parties at the College, Irish and anti-Irish. The latter, on Saint

Patrick's day, strung up in a conspicuous place an effigy of Paddy with a necklace of fish and potatoes, and a bottle of whiskey suspended from the neck. The Irish party retaliated with 'Paddy's Complaint,' and completely turned the laugh on their opponents."

For nearly sixty years the name of the author of "Paddy's Complaint" remained a profound secret. One day during the summer of 1889 Father J. Havens Richards, S.J., President of Georgetown College, and Fathers William F. Clarke, S.J., and Edward H. Welch, S.J., visited me at my residence in Fordham. My father, Professor Hugh C. McLaughlin, of Rock Hill College, Maryland, who had been a teacher at Georgetown College in 1831–32, and my brother-in-law, Judge Daniel B. Lucas, President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, were also staying with me at the same time. All of these gentlemen and myself were conversing over College reminiscences, when Father Richards remarked that perhaps my father might have heard of "Paddy's Complaint," the authorship of which, like that of the Letters of Junius, was wrapped in mystery.

Father Clarke, who had been a student at the College in 1832, at this point spoke up, and said he perfectly remembered the appearance of the broadside at the College, and that being a day

scholar he put a copy in his pocket and carried it home. But as soon as his father saw and read it, he threw it in the fire, and told his son he must not bring home any more productions of the kind.

"You may remember," added Father Clarke, addressing my father, "the excitement it caused at the College, and the unsuccessful effort that was made to discover the author?"

"I remember it all very well," replied my father, and then with a smile added these words: "Let me see, Father Clarke, nearly sixty years have passed since that time, and you and I, with perhaps one or two exceptions, are the only survivors of the Georgetown of 1832. In reply to Father Richards's question, which frequently during those long years I have had addressed to me, 'Paddy's Complaint' has been a subject which I have avoided, and that silence I had determined to observe to the end, and to carry the secret with me to my grave. But it is all over and gone now, and it can do no harm to tell you I wrote 'Paddy's Complaint;' several were suspected, but I was the culprit."

Surprise was depicted on the face of Father Richards, but never can I forget Father Clarke's look of astonishment. They asked him had he preserved the poem, but he had not, and said that he hardly thought a copy was in existence. He

used to know it all by heart, he said, and still remembered some of the lines. We all urged him to repeat them, and after a little reflection he repeated for us forty or fifty lines. I afterwards took down seventy-five or eighty of the lines at my father's dictation, and transfer a few of the stanzas of "Paddy's Complaint" to these pages as a College curiosity. It began thus:

"I'd rather I had not been born,
Than thus endure the hate and scorn,
And scurvy treatment of some fools,
Who lounge about the College schools.
But sure as any gun or sword,
I'll have my vengeance—take my word.
Last Patrick's Day, I well remember,
'Twas cold as any in December,
These graceless rogues of grotesque figures,
And worse than that, for they were niggers,
Did try with rags and aid of cocked hat,
To deck me out just to be mocked at.
But mark me well, my plan is laid,
I'll tell their names and next their trade:
How they began, and how consulted,
And the consequence that thence resulted.
There was Nigger —— who Dutch could speak
Much more easily than Greek.
He was plethoric and soft as clout,
And blessed with longitude of snout.
And what is strange (this no rule is,
But truly Pat sometimes no fool is),
He seemed the Dutch in this to follow,
His head though large and round was hollow;

And save report has him belied,
Was thickly tenanted outside.
* * * * *
Next after him came Brudder ——
Nigger-like, buck-toothed, lank, and slim,
* * * * *
A lion once when near his fate,
Was treated in most piteous state;
The wolves and bears in packs rushed on,
Some to have vengeance, others fun.
Their taunts and sneers he all let pass,
But when he saw the cowardly ass
Uplift his foot and strike amain,
He owned he felt a double pain.
Just so I felt when on me rushed
Nigger —— with grog and venom flushed.
Methought just then of olden time,
When I had strength and manhood's prime,
I'd mash his head with one good sound kick,
Though it were hard as oaken pound-cake."*

This sufficiently gives the flavor of "Paddy's Complaint." The retort personal becomes sharper as the poem proceeds, but I must observe respect for my father's wishes, as expressed to me, that the parts containing the more savage onslaught on the deriders of poor Paddy should not be divulged; as he said to the Jesuit Fathers to whom he confessed the secret of its authorship, that they should be buried in the grave with him.

* Some persons a short time before had sent to the individual for whom these lines were intended a small block of oak-wood done up like a pound-cake.

Strangely enough, a letter was published in the *College Journal* for April, 1894, nearly five years subsequently to my father's revelation of the secret to Father Richards and the other Fathers, which, for the first time it was ever done, at least in the present generation, ascribed the authorship of the satire to my father. The letter came all the way from Kansas City, Missouri, and was written by the venerable Mr. Michael Delany to communicate a student's reminiscences of "Georgetown in 1832." With the quotation of a few words from Mr. Delany's letter, I will dismiss the episode of "Paddy's Complaint."

"Next came the class of Poetry, presided over by Father William Grace, acknowledged by all as a most dignified, scholarly gentleman. He was an Irishman of the old school. He despised 'shams,' and could read them through without an effort. It was to his door that a stuffed 'Paddy' was fastened on the 17th of March, wearing a string of potatoes and a bottle around his neck. It cut the old gentlemen to the soul. An Irishman named Hugh McLaughlin, a lay teacher, was very indignant, and it was generally believed that he was the author of 'Paddy's Complaint,' a doggerel rhyme in answer to the insult. Father Grace was reputed to be the most eminent linguist and mathematician of his time."

CHAPTER VI

FATHER WILLIAM F. CLARKE—HIS GRAPHIC LETTERS IN RELATION TO THE COLLEGE

THE eighth annual reunion of the Society of Alumni took place on the 26th of June, 1888. Quite a large number of the members broke bread together on that evening at the Arlington Hotel in Washington. I sat between Judge William Matthews Merrick, whose death a few months later deprived the College of his matchless services as centennial orator elect, and Father William Francis Clarke, S.J. They talked of their College days of fifty-eight or sixty years before, and told anecdotes of the olden time. Father Clarke said he entered in March, 1829, and although Judge Merrick was the younger, he remarked that he entered a year or two earlier.

Father Clarke's life in the ministry, after his graduation in 1833, covered a period of fifty-seven years. Sanctity was his distinguishing quality. His reputation was that of a profound theologian. None of his many converts lost the faith or relapsed into error. Candidates for the priesthood knew when he was objector to their theses, for those who withstood that battery unscathed de-

served well their laurels in philosophy and theology. He was a descendant of Robert Clarke, Surveyor-General of Maryland in 1649, who, in time of persecution, professed himself a Catholic in open court, and was stripped of his wealth and made a prisoner. The sterling qualities of this early confessor of the faith were transmitted to the Georgetown Jesuit. He said mass like an angel. In the confessional he was all gentleness to the sinner; in the pulpit all sternness to sin. Some in consequence deemed him puritanical, but his penitents thought otherwise. A rigid moralist, he was not more exacting with others than to himself. He was decidedly eloquent in the pulpit. Father Fulton in Rhetoric class once extolled a sermon of Father Clarke's as containing passages of great power, and adverted to a fine description in it of the lost soul "anchored in hell." He also said that Father Clarke's eloquence was at his command equally with pen or tongue, and mentioned as a remarkable illustration of his controversial power letters published in the Baltimore *Sun* by Dr. William Plummer, a distinguished Presbyterian minister of that city, and by Father Clarke in reply, which displayed on the latter's part vigor and elegance that reminded Father Fulton of the style of Junius. Many years before his death Father Clarke's lower lip was stricken with partial paralysis, which for a short time rendered

his utterance nasal and indistinct, but he happily recovered, and wielded great power over congregations. When his theme was the beauty of the house of the Lord, then, indeed, was he truly eloquent. In response to his fervent appeals, unclasped necklaces of precious stones, or diamonds stripped from bejewelled fingers were dropped into the collection-box, and in contrast with the Holy of Holies donors were taught the nothingness of the tenement of clay. The church of Saint Ignatius in Baltimore possesses two of the richest chalices in the United States, one embossed with eight pearls and eighty diamonds, and the other fretted with one hundred and twelve diamonds, reminders of the eloquence of Father Clarke, and his sway over pious and wealthy members of his congregation. A striking feature of his sermons was the imagery, which sometimes rose into Miltonic strains.

Having planted the faith in Baltimore, after the Acadians, and having had pastoral charge of the pro-cathedral during the days of Archbishops Carroll and Neale, the Jesuits disappeared reluctantly from the cradle they had rocked, and for nearly thirty years the places that had known them there knew them not thereafter in the beloved metropolitan city. At last they came back, with a son of the Pilgrims as fitting pioneer, when Father William F. Clarke was appointed in 1849 pastor of St. Joseph's Church by Archbishop Eccleston.

A word about the Acadians, who were the first Catholics in Baltimore. They went there in 1756. The place in 1752 was a straggling village of twenty-five houses and two hundred inhabitants. The Abbé Robin, chaplain in the army of our gallant ally in the Revolution, Count de Rochambeau, informs us that the Acadians had their own priest in Baltimore, Father Leclerc, supposed by some later writers to have been the Father Felician of Longfellow's Evangeline. The Abbé Robin when in Baltimore in 1781 said mass and preached for the exiles, and draws this touching picture of them:

"They still keep up the French language, and remain greatly attached to all that belongs to the nation of their ancestors, especially to their religion, which they follow with a strictness worthy of the first ages of Christianity. The simplicity of their manners is a remnant of what obtained in happy Acadia. . . . The sight of a French priest seemed to recall to them their former pastors. They begged me to officiate in their church. In fulfilling this holy function I could not refrain from congratulating them on their piety, and from depicting to them the virtues of their forefathers. I was reviving memories that were too dear; they burst into tears." *

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* Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amérique Septentrionale, p. 99, par l'Abbé Robin. Philadelphia, 1782.

The historian Edouard Richard informs us that the celebrated American General Philip Sheridan was the grandson of one of these Baltimore Acadians.*

Colonel B. U. Campbell does not mention Father Leclerc in his "Desultory Sketches of the Catholic Church in Maryland," published in the "Religious Cabinet" in 1842; but De Courcey in his History does, and so does the interesting Jesuit narrative, entitled "Sketch of the Earliest Ministrations of the Society in Baltimore." †

In this "Sketch" appears the following remark: "If Mr. Leclerc was in Baltimore, he probably did not remain long, and after his departure the Catholics there had to depend on the visits of Our Fathers from the residence at Whitemarsh, who were therefore the first regularly attending clergymen."

The foulest crime in the whole history of Christendom was the banishment of the Acadians from their native country by England and Massachusetts. They were driven outcasts and beggars over the face of the earth. Those monsters of cruelty, Lawrence and Winslow, took everything from the French Neutrals,—houses, lands, cattle, crops,

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* Acadia. Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History, vol. ii. p. 326. New York, 1895.

† Woodstock Letters, vol. iii. p. 52 *et seq.*

country, every shred of their earthly possessions,—with a devilish barbarity to which I can find no parallel in modern history, not even the partition of Poland, and have to go back to those pagan conquerors of antiquity described by Thucydides, in order to match the two horrible miscreants. Parkman has blasted his reputation as a historian by defending this cold-blooded extirpation of seven thousand simple, virtuous, frugal people, the hapless Acadian peasants of Nova Scotia. Everywhere the exiles were doomed to misery and lingering death, with the exception of the land of Lord Baltimore. There, on the banks of the Patapsco, they found an asylum, and rekindled in the home of toleration the light of faith, after it had been extinguished on the St. Mary's, and banished across the Chesapeake with the Jesuits to Bohemia Manor.

In 1768 Father John Ashton, S.J., a Tipperary Irishman, who later on built the first house at Georgetown College, was appointed by the Superior, Father John Lewis, S.J., to make regular visits once a month from Whitemarsh to Baltimore. His congregation consisted principally of Acadians, but there were a few Irishmen. Among the latter Colonel Campbell mentions Patrick Bennet, Robert Walsh (probably father of the Georgetown alumnus of the same name, *clarum et venerabile nomen*), and William Stenson. It is believed

that Fotterall's Building, preserved yet in Moale's old drawing, on the site of Reverdy Johnson's residence at a later day, the northwest corner of Calvert and Fayette Streets, was the first house in which mass was celebrated in Baltimore. Father Leclerc probably was celebrant. In Father Ashton's day the average congregation numbered about twenty, "and seldom," says the Sketch in "Woodstock Letters," "exceeded forty persons."

One McNabb was the builder of St. Peter's, the first Catholic church erected in Baltimore, situated on Saratoga Street, where Calvert Hall, the school of the popular Christian Brothers, now stands. McNabb contracted a debt of two hundred pounds, Maryland currency, while building the church, and, being pressed by the principal creditor, he failed. This Shylock seized the church, locked it up, and held the key until 1774 or 1775. In his "Annals of Baltimore," Griffith says: "By a ludicrous suit against Ganganelli, Pope of Rome, for want of other defendant, to recover the advance of M^r^ McNabb, who became bankrupt, the church was sometime closed at the commencement of the Revolution, and the congregation assembled in a private house on South Charles Street until possession was recovered." It is probable that the Fathers at Whitemarsh kept up their monthly visitations to Baltimore until 1784, when Father Charles Sewall, S.J., of the celebrated Catholic

family of Woodyard, brother of Father Nicholas Sewall, Jesuit Provincial of England after the death of Father Charles Plowden in 1821, became the first resident pastor of St. Peter's Church. Father Carroll, Vicar Apostolic, joined Father Sewall at St. Peter's in Baltimore in 1786. After Father Enoch Fenwick—a future President of Georgetown College—was ordained in 1808, Archbishop Carroll (for he was raised to the dignity of an Archbishop on the 8th of April in the same year) applied to the Jesuits, and, receiving their consent, appointed Father Fenwick pastor of St. Peter's Church. Father Enoch must have had a great deal of that quality in him for which his youngest brother, Father George Fenwick, was so beloved. All accounts that I have seen represent him as a splendid specimen of the Maryland cavalier. I used to hear Archbishop Martin John Spalding, of Baltimore, whose intimate acquaintance and warm friendship I had the honor to enjoy, speak with kindling voice and eye of his near kinsmen the Fenwick brothers, Enoch, Benedict J., and George, and a fourth brother, the only one who did not become a priest. For the next ten or twelve years the energetic Father Enoch Fenwick was in Baltimore, pastor of the pro-cathedral, and with all classes of the people he was extremely popular. The grand object was to build a Cathedral, and in raising funds for the

purpose Father Fenwick was of invaluable assistance to Archbishops Carroll, Neale, and Maréchal, with the last of whom he remained in pastoral charge of St. Peter's but for a short time. When at length the noble pile was reared, and Father Baxter, S.J., Professor of Philosophy at Georgetown, went over to preach the dedication sermon at the Cathedral, May 31, 1821, he made nameless reference to Father Enoch (the most a Jesuit is in the habit of making to another Jesuit) when he said:

"Nor would the walls of this Cathedral be silent if they had an understanding to discover, and a tongue to tell you by whose exertions they are what they are." Father Enoch Fenwick was President of Georgetown College when this sermon was delivered. In 1849 the long vacant chair, or, if I may use a poetical expression of the late brilliant John Boyle O'Reilly, "the empty niche," was once more filled when Father William F. Clarke, S.J., went to Baltimore as pastor of St. Joseph's Church. For the greater part of his long and useful career in the priesthood, as President of Loyola College, pastor of the Church of St. Ignatius, and in other positions, he labored in Baltimore faithfully, and endeared himself to the people by his learning, piety, and eloquence. He died in Washington in the odor of sanctity October 17, 1890, and is buried at Georgetown College.

For over a quarter of a century I corresponded with Father Clarke, for whom I felt a very sincere affection. I subjoin one or two of his letters, which will no doubt prove interesting reading to Georgetown alumni.

"LOYOLA COLLEGE,
"BALT., March 26th, 1888.

"DEAR MR. MCLAUGHLIN,—I fear I can give you little or no information which would be worth embodying in your discourse. I judge from your letter that you propose to make that discourse an abridged history of G. T. College. Can that have been the intention of Fr Doonan when he requested you to 'awaken interest in the approaching Centennial of the College?' What ground will the orator on that occasion have to stand on if you preoccupy it all? However, that is his business, not mine.

"All that our Fathers have been able to discover about the College has been published from time to time in the 'Woodstock Letters,' a copy of which Fr Doonan could lend you: or, if you prefer, you might consult it at St. Francis Xavier's College, where I suppose they have all the Numbers of this Periodical. It might be well to apply there before writing to Fr Doonan; because by examining the Xavier copy you could judge whether it would be worth your while to send to Georgetown for it. At St. Xavier's, too, I think you will find some copies of articles written by Fr Stonestreet about G. T. College. Among those articles is a funeral discourse in honor of Bishop Fenwick, in which reference is made to G. T. C.

"Fr Curley, of course, you have not forgotten. He entered the Society a year and a half before I went to the College as a student; and he knew something of the College before his entrance, as he was a postulant for a considerable time before his admission.

"It would be well to inquire what became of the writings of Rev. W^m^ Matthews, who was a Professor and Pres^t^ of the College, and knew it probably from its foundation. He must have had some notes, and probably a diary of his College life. Perhaps his successor at St. Patrick's, F^r^ Walter, knows something about his papers. Perhaps they were brought to Baltimore, and are in the archives of the Archbishopric. These archives have lately been put in order. It would most probably be worth your while to come some Saturday evening to Balt., and, after an early mass, spend the Sunday in examining these archives, which I feel certain the Cardinal would with pleasure allow. Among the facts made known by arranging them is one of which I had never heard,—that the names of F^rs^ Dubuisson & McSherry were sent to Rome as nominees for a Bishopric.

"I am almost certain that F^r^ Blenkinsop, who entered the Society in 1834, kept a diary. The Italians came to G. T. C. after I left it. F^r^ Ciampi, now at Frederick, or F^r^ McAtee, of Jersey City, could give you information regarding them. When I went to G. T. C., in March, 1829, I made the 29th boarder. F^r^ Feiner, who died soon afterwards, I was told was Pres^t^. But he was ill in the Infirmary. F^r^ Beschter was acting Pres^t^. The following Sep. schools opened with 60 scholars, F^r^ Tom Mulledy having been made Pres^t^ and drummed up scholars during vacations. He was 1^st^ Pref. when I entered, and was Pres^t^ till he was made Prov. in" (1837?). "Under him the College flourished and became known throughout the country. F^r^ Dzierozinski was Superior of the Mission. It was not a Province till F^r^ McSherry was made Provincial in" (1833?). "He succeeded F^r^ Tom M. in the 1^st^ Prefectship. Just before F^r^ McSherry became Prov. F^r^ Kenny, from Ireland, was Visitor, an office higher than that of Provincial. F^r^ Dzierozinski was Vice-Provincial after the death of F^r^ McSherry. F^rs^ Kohlmann and Gabaria were Professors of Theology. Vandevelde, afterwards Bishop, was

Prefect and Prof. of French when I was a boy there. Fr Dubuisson taught me French. He had been private secretary either to Napoleon or the Empress: I think the latter. Thrice miracles were wrought when he gave Communion. He was Prefect long before my time. Fr Grivel was a French count, was sent to this country to be Master of Novices, was afterwards Spiritual Father in Georgetown. He had been Visitor to England, and was in the General Congregation which elected Fr Fortis General. Father Ben Young was my Professor of Rhetoric. He was the only one of those who went to Italy who preached there in Italian. In Italy Fr Mulledy was Prefect. Fr Fenwick taught Algebra. Fr Tom Lilly was Prefect in Georgetown for many years. The Professors of Philosophy in my time were Ryder, Gabaria, Blox, McGuigan (Jno.), myself, & Early. Fr Ward was Professor of Poetry & Math. many years.

"During my time the Infirmary and the houses west and east* of the original building were erected, the Infirmary and building west of original by Fr Tom Mulledy.

"But why write more? You will find all this and more, if I mistake not, in the 'Woodstock Letters.'

"I wrote to your wife offering a pair of Crozier beads. Did she get my letter? Paternal love and blessings to her.

"Yrs. devotedly in Christ,

"W. F. Clarke, S.J."

When I sent him the address he refers to, after its publication by the Society of Alumni, Father Clarke's fears that I meant to inflict "an abridged history" of the College upon the public were dis-

* This is an error of the pen. The building on the east side of the Old Building was erected by Father Maguire, in 1854.

pelled. But I am persuaded every alumnus will enjoy the delightful glimpses of old times furnished in the preceding letter. Two foot-notes in the address—one containing an extract from Dr. Levins's diary relative to the "squabble over banners" between Columbia and Georgetown boys, and the other an extract from a letter of Father Carroll respecting the purchase of the land upon which the College is situated from Mr. Threlkeld and Colonel Deakins—elicited another particularly interesting letter from Father Clarke, replete with pleasant reminiscences.

"GONZAGA COLLEGE,
"WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 20, 1888.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—My warm congratulations to yourself and your excellent wife, my very dear child," [Mrs. McLaughlin is one of the saintly Father's many converts to Holy Mother Church], "on your lately celebrated 21st anniversary of your marriage. . . .

"I had already read carefully the two notes to which you direct my attention. When I was a boy at G. T. C. M^r Threlkeld, then a white-haired, hale, fine-looking old gentleman, would come occasionally to the College, stop at the open doors of our class-rooms, salute professor and scholars, and make a few kind, pleasant remarks. On one occasion, I and the great majority of the students, accompanied the old gentleman, at his invitation, to the hill back of the oldest building; (then the old building, for there were but two, the original two story and the tower building,) from the brow of which he showed us he had a pair of pistols which could send a ball across the Potomac.

"I was present, Oct. 12th, 1824, when at the arrival of

Lafayette at the east gate of the Capitol, there was what your note from Rev. Mr Levins calls a 'squabble for banners,' but what was a regular battle between the College boys and the Washington Seminary boys (now Gonzaga Coll.) on one side, and the Columbia College boys on the other. Just inside that gate, nearest to the triumphal arch that spanned it, in two lines, the College and Seminary boys were drawn up; and as soon as Lafayette and suite entered, they attempted to form in behind them, according to programme. But the Columbia Coll. boys, all grown young men, who had claimed, but were refused the first place—we having arrived on the ground before them—and had stood just outside the gate, rushed in and endeavored to take our place. A tremendous battle ensued, during which the populace and the other schools took the place for which the College boys were contending. One of the prefects of the Seminary, Mr Newton, made his way to the Capitol, with some 7 or 8 of us boys, I being of the number. The G. T. C. boys lost their flag. On the 14th Oct. the College and Seminary boys were marching from the College to Washington, and while passing down Bridge Street, the lost flag was seen waving over a one story frame building in that street, and occupied by shoemakers. A halt was made, and some of the larger boys went in, demanded the flag and got it. This 'squabble' or battle-flag used to be in the College Museum, when I was a student there. . . .

"Yours devotedly in Christ,

"W. F. Clarke, S.J."

This letter of an eye-witness of the scene is an important contribution to the true history of the affair. In his "History of the College," Dr. Shea says the Georgetown boys captured the banner of the Columbia boys. As Dr. Shea possessed the diary of Father Levins, another eye-witness of the

battle, he probably compiled his account from it. While Father Clarke says the Georgetown boys lost their place in the procession, Dr. Shea's account says they maintained it. Father Clarke is silent about the capture of the flag of the Columbia boys by the Georgetown boys; Dr. Shea says they captured it. Leaving out details in which they agree, I add that portion of Dr. Shea's account wherein they differ.

"In the contest that followed, a star on the top of Columbia's flagstaff cut away the banner of Georgetown. Then the stoutest of Georgetown's students made a rush and wrested from their antagonists the banner which had recently been presented to them by the ladies of Washington, and of which they felt extremely proud. Thus each side lost its colors, but Georgetown maintained its place in the procession, and the students of the College and Seminary, led by Rev. Messrs. Levins and Matthews, with the other professors, marched exulting on. Three days after, as a prefect was taking out some of the pupils, they descried their banner hanging from a window of a low frame building on the south side of Bridge Street. They entered the store in the lower part and demanded their property so imperatively that it was restored to them. Upon this they sent back to Columbia College the trophies which they had carried off. In commemoration of the affair the Georgetown

students had a fine banner painted by an artist named Simpson, representing on one side an eagle, with the motto '*Nemini Cedimus*,' and on the other side the arms of the College."*

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* Shea's History of Georgetown College, p. 65.

CHAPTER VII

FATHER ROBERT FULTON—EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS—NEW YORK ALUMNI—FATHER M'ELROY

DURING the latter years of his life Father Robert Fulton, S.J., after spending about twenty years in Boston, came to New York to reside, where I saw much of him, and renewed the intimate relations of early life with my old Georgetown professor. He had been a great toast among the literary people of Boston, and the story runs that Oliver Wendell Holmes once quaintly told him that one or the other of them must get off the Hub, since his own facetiæ were at a discount in the meridian of Harvard, while Fultonian side-splitters were quoted at a premium.

Droll and original as possible, Father Fulton's witty sayings, if published in a book, would be a notable contribution to what Professor Macbeth happily styles "the might and mirth of literature." When he was about to leave Boston, the people manifested unusual feelings of sorrow, and at the leave-taking John Boyle O'Reilly read the following poem, which he wrote expressly for the occasion:

THE EMPTY NICHE

(*Read at the Farewell Reception given to Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., at Boston College Hall, February 5, 1880.*)

"A King once made a gallery of art,
With portraits of dead friends and living graced;
And at the end, 'neath curtains drawn apart,
An empty marble pedestal was placed.

"Here every day the King would come, and pace
With eyes well pleased along the statued hall;
But, ere he left, he turned with saddened face,
And mused before the curtained pedestal.

"And once a courtier asked him why he kept
The shadowed niche to fill his heart with dole;
'For absent friends,' the monarch said, and wept;
'There still must be one absent to the soul.'

"And this is true of all the hearts that beat;
Though days be soft and summer pathways fair,
Be sure, while joyous glances round us meet,
The curtained crypt and vacant plinth are there.

"To-day we stand before our draped recess:
There is none absent—all we love are here;
To-morrow's hands the opening curtains press,
And lo, the pallid pediment is bare!

"The cold affection that plain duty breeds
May see its union severed and approve;
But when our bond is touched it throbs and bleeds—
We pay no meed of duty, but of love.

"As creeping tendrils shudder from the stone,
The vines of love avoid the frigid heart;
The work men do is not their test alone,
The love they win is far the better chart.

"They say the citron-tree will never thrive
Transplanted from the soil where it matured;
Ah, would 'twere so that men could only live
Through working on where they had love secured!

"'The People of the Book,' men call the Jews—
Our priests are truly 'People of the Word';
And he who serves the Master must not choose—
He renders feudal service to the Lord.

"But we who love and lose will, like the King,
Still keep the alcove empty in the hall,
And hope, firm-hearted, that some day will bring
Our absent one to fill his pedestal."

Father Fulton was appointed pastor of the church of St. Lawrence, New York, the former pastor, the excellent and beloved Father John Treanor, S.J., having lost his life by the overturning of a stage-coach in California, while he was on a visit in that distant State. It was during his pastoral charge of this church that I was again constantly thrown into the society of my old Georgetown professor.

The sad death of Father Treanor had caused the deepest grief in Yorkville, where his church was situated, and where he was greatly beloved by

thousands. Father Fulton, who was very sensitive, was appointed immediately after his predecessor's death. He was an entire stranger in Yorkville, with scarcely a single acquaintance beyond myself to welcome him on his arrival. He became the recipient of the lamentations of the doleful congregation, and said to me in his quaint, pungent way that his welcome by the good people was possibly put off to a future period, when their grief might cease to be chronic. One day he exclaimed with mock gravity to an old lady on her introduction to him, when instead of pleasure she showed sorrow and shed tears, "Why cry, good lady? I assure you I did not murder Father Treanor." Compared with the enthusiasm and devotion which he had left behind in Boston, it must be confessed that his reception in Yorkville was but chilly and enforced. Things began to mend after a while, but Father Fulton felt the uncongeniality of his surroundings, and once remarked to me, with a comical smile, "I will give the good people and myself a month or two more to see if we can find each other out. If that test fails, I am not the man for Sligo." They found him out at last. It began to dawn on them that one of the biggest men in the whole American Church was their pastor; but after they waked up to a knowledge of the giant and grew proud and fond of him, the order came, to my profound re-

gret, for his transfer to Washington, and my holy old professor bade adieu to St. Lawrence's.

Father Robert W. Brady, S.J., was at this time Provincial, and he it was who transferred Father Fulton from Yorkville. We kept up a regular correspondence while he was in the national capital.

"The people of Washington," he said in a letter to me from that city, dated July 4, 1881, "receive me kindly, do not scowl at me, or suspect me of murdering Father Jenkins. They even say they are glad to have me. Such are the differences of taste! I don't find the children so refreshing. House better, church beyond comparison, weather of course hotter, debt stupendous. Such is the briefest expression of the state of things, but that I omitted to include the loveliness of W.

"This dropping of middle life out of consideration, and piecing together of extremes, childhood and old age, is strange, and affects me with contradictory emotions. Here's a 'nigger' white-washing for us. I find he belonged to the family of my grandmother Wise, and can report unknown and otherwise unheard history. Such things are happening at every step. In a speechkin I made at the exhibition, I said, 'You do not know me, but I went to school with your grandfathers, and educated your fathers.' Nearly a hundred of the alumni assembled at the exhibition of G. T. C.:

a handsome set of fellows as you could see in a summer's day. . . . —— did not manage well. He lacks Northern experience in quest of money. He uttered not a word on the interesting subject: said it was a preparation. I thought of the man who prepared to jump the fence by running a mile and was then too tired. —— subscribed $2000, a pittance for him, hardly paying for all the toadying he has received. A scholastic is rumored to have given $10,000. . . . Frank Rudd was there, Preston Sands, Martin Morris, &c., &c.

"Went to Alexandria to dine with Father O'Kane. I am to preach at the re-opening of the Church now closed for repairs. . . . I must take a week in Alexandria to retrace all the steps of childhood; with what acute pain! with what delighted interest! How thoroughly convinced that, abstracting from Heaven, Life is not worth living.

"The only great trouble is the debt. I have some hope of successfully grappling with it. If I succeed, I shall then be ready to die, and lay my bones by the river I have loved so well. Kindest remembrance to your family.

"Yr's devotedly,

"Robert Fulton."

He was a native of Alexandria, where he was born June 8, 1826, and hence his interest in the old town. In another letter from Gonzaga College,

dated November 12, 1881, he wrote on political parties and other interesting topics. "My notion is," he said, "that parties as they are cannot survive, because there is no issue. What principle constitutes the Democratic party, and what the Republican? I don't know. I am for the Civil Service Reform—the most important measure,—a tariff for revenue only, and decentralization. These are the real issues, and parties must form on them. . . . I preached last Sunday in Alexandria at the opening of the Church which had been closed for enlargement and repairs. Do you remember the legend that used to be in front of the Church? 'How terrible is this place! This is the House of God, the Gate of Heaven.' I took that for my text: 1°. how it was the House of God; 2°. in what sense the Gate of Heaven; 3°. the consequent terribility. Pretty good I think. . . .

"I was looking over the old records of the famous Fairclough-Smith controversy. How entirely were we in the right, even according to the showing of the trustees, Kerr, Generis, Nevitt, &c. Fairclough was educated by the Jesuits, brought over here by them, appointed there as their agent, took advantage of his position to try to wrest from them the property. . . .

"I have a fearful job before me . . . and I have met with a terrible disappointment; though it was my own fault: I had no idea how thoroughly I

had been forgotten. I find hardly any friends, and have once more to begin life, prove myself and work upwards.

"I expect to succeed. By God's blessing I have never failed, and failure does not seem to me a possibility, having the idea that ever one succeeds who is in earnest.

"Yours Affectionately,

"ROBERT FULTON."

In another letter, dated Gonzaga College, February 11, 1882, he speaks of our mutual friend, the celebrated Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, and of politics again. "I hear," he says, "Mr. Stephens is inquiring where I am. I sent him word not to come to see me, as he was inclined to do,—that I would go to see him. To-day is his birthday. I suppose he will be overrun. I shall send him my congratulations, and wait for leisure to see him. When will the leisure come? I don't know, for this begging, and the general reconstruction of things here occupy me exceedingly.

"I do not see many of our old acquaintances. Neither . . . nor . . . has been near me. One's vanity is corrected by the experience that he is not long remembered. I remember them, if they do not recollect me. . . . Will you N. Y. gentlemen please keep back panics till I get through with my debt? At present I am a greenbacker.

As for politics, parties are disorganized—must remain so till the line of principles is more distinctly drawn. I doubt whether the Democratic party can survive. Blaine has begun a most important move—the imperial policy—the hegemony of America for the U. S. . . . But it takes time to construct a party, and the originator can hardly reap the fruits. . . .

"I miss you a great deal. I should go back to Yorkville willingly. Dear Mrs. McLaughlin I am persuaded is the best judge of character and oratory—why should I not believe it? My love to all of your family.

"R. F."

The reader will observe how very much convinced Father Fulton was that the two great national parties were disorganized. He doubted whether the Democratic party as then constituted could survive. It has undergone a great change, and taken a new departure since that period. His prevision respecting the Republican party was also deep, and little less than prophetic. How accurately he foresaw and foretold the momentous and revolutionary events of to-day in those pregnant words: "Blaine has begun a most important move—the imperial policy—the hegemony of America for the U. S." Father Fulton had a very long head.

One evening I heard a sharp ring of my door-bell, and on going down whom should I find walking about the room but Father Fulton. "Here I am again, back with you to stay. I was made Provincial to-day, and have paid you my first visit. Are you glad to see me?" I was rejoiced, and soon my family surrounded him, offering congratulations. He had brought me some pretty presents from his dear, saintly old mother, Sister Olympia, a venerable nun of the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, who was my own mother's godmother, and looked upon me, as the dear old lady said in a note which accompanied the presents, with a sort of grandmotherly affection. She reached the Motherhood in her Order, and lived to her ninetieth year. Not only on account of his high ecclesiastical position, but quite as much on account of his extraordinary ability, Father Fulton became one of the leading churchmen in New York. He was several times selected to give retreats to the clergy of the Archdiocese, and the talents and wit and holiness of life which had made him a magnate in the literary circles and among the Catholics of Boston soon established a similar reputation for him in New York. He held the office of Provincial during two terms, or for six years. His next office in the Jesuit Order was that of Visitor to all the Jesuit Houses of England and Ireland, a still higher position than that of Provincial. After

his return from Ireland he had many interesting things to relate about that country. I could wish my memory were good enough to repeat the account he gave to me of his visit to Aubrey de Vere at Curragh Chase. "It is a great pleasure," he said to the Irish bard, "to meet a gentleman pronounced the first of living poets by so competent a judge of such matters as my own countryman, Richard Henry Dana." I hope Father Fulton made notes of his several visits to Curragh Chase. His description of the Irish poet was extremely interesting, both from a literary point of view, and his delineation and nice shading of personal traits and utterances of the author of "Alexander the Great" and "Thomas à Becket."

After his return from Ireland the holy old Jesuit was a confirmed invalid. He never regained his health. As intimate as we were, he did not know me when I casually met him one day at Fordham, coming down from St. John's College. I mentioned my name to him. "What McLaughlin?" said he. I told him. "Well, well," said he, "I did not expect to see you in Fordham, and mistook you for somebody else." Then with a touch of his old humor, as he looked at me and became satisfied I was not somebody else, he grasped my hand warmly, and said, "My dear James, this thing of remembering faces is all a matter of juxtaposition. 'What makes you at Elsinore?'" I

told him I was building a house in Fordham, and pointed out to him my new home, which would be his, I added, whenever he would come. "Often often," he said, with evident pleasure, coming out with some little effort into his old form, so delightful in its quaint originality. But he was scarcely ever free from pain at this time or afterwards, until his death at Santa Clara College, California, September 4, 1895. How rejoiced I am to have enjoyed so much of his society when he was in the vigor of health, when he was at his best, deeply learned, a critic of almost unrivalled perceptive acumen, a wit whose sayings would not have discredited Sheridan, beyond all question the most original man I have ever known. A friend once took up a paper I was writing, but didn't like the opening sentence, and at my request wrote it over, preserving the idea, but expressing it in different language. I was dubious, and sent both sentences to Father Fulton to decide which should be used. It was at the time he was in Washington. This was his answer:

"GONZAGA COLLEGE, Apl. 23, '82.

"DEAR JAS,—Yours is incomparably the better. I need not tell you that the more you dilute the whiskey of thought with the water of words, the poorer the beverage.

"There's another and a strong reason. Thoughts are to have development according to importance. What you mention as merely incidental, your friend, with wretched taste, enlarges on as if essential. You might as well tell us some-

thing about Switzerland, *capta occasione*. I think your friend does not understand perspective,—he probably studied art in China.

"Yr's. in haste,

"R. F."

In 1888, supposing he was in Washington, I wrote to invite him to attend what he would call a "speechkin," which I was shortly to make there before the Alumni Society. His reply, dated Boston, June 9, was quite facetious.

"Dear James, P. C.,—As you see already, I am up here, not down there; and there's small likelihood that I shall hear the oration, unless by Mr. Edison's new fangled instrument. See to it that you do me credit—see to it that people may say, not in the odious sense,—*talis discipulus, qualis magister*.

"You see I have no 'local habitation.' I am like the bird Noah sent forth. I went to Wash. for the University business—the aquatic excursion. The Rector here kindly invited me here and has taken me in, and is doing for me, in consideration of certain 'chores' which I undertake for him. I am 'looking for a situation.' Can you conscientiously recommend me? My preference is for a place where there is little to do, but a large salary to receive.

"Commend me to the favor of those dear ladies, your wife, sister and daughter.

"Yrs. in X.

"Robert Fulton, S.J.

"P. S. Did you know Edward White, the nominee in Louisiana for the U. S. S.? He was a special pet of mine in those days of blessedness, when I thought I was unhappy, but possessed the beatitude of youth. R. F."

But space is wanting. I must cut short these extracts from Father Fulton's charming letters. He was related by blood to the late Henry A. Wise, and to ex-President Benjamin Harrison. He was gifted as they with intellectual endowments, and the refreshing spontaneity of his wit, the polished culture and æsthetic tone of his mind, and above all the deep, fruitful spirituality which breathed an essential fragrance over his priestly life, all combined to make a character delightful, elevated, and pure. "May flights of angels sing him to his rest."

In several places throughout these pages I have mentioned Father John Ashton, S.J., and Father John McElroy, S.J. They were both men of large initiative qualities, with minds of the constructive order, doing all things well in relation to the temporalities of which they had charge. I do not know whether Father Ashton had the gift or art of eloquence, the letters and traditions of his times which I have read or heard of being silent upon that point; indeed, he was no longer a Jesuit during his latter years; but I do know that Father McElroy was a wonderful orator. Without the graces of the schools, without deep learning or conversancy in books, he yet mastered his theme by a strong grasp of his subject, and God had endowed him with a true simplicity which I never observed in perfection in any preacher I have heard

except himself. He possessed apostolic sway over the laity which was not measured by ordinary scholastic or dogmatic rules, but which sprang from the soul within, and made his plain discourse effective "as the wand of a powerful enchanter." The same person whose words I quote also informs us that "his great talent for preaching was discovered almost by accident." A pastor was absent. The Superior in the emergency asked him if he thought he could preach the next day, and his reply was, "Well, if you tell me, I will try." Thus Father McElroy was revealed. "Whether he preached or conversed," says a writer in the "Woodstock Letters," "there was a kind of simple dignity and grave tenderness in his manner which spoke the saint, and, like the Spirit of God itself, moved the hearts of those who listened to him." In his spiritual retreats to secular clergymen, which the celebrated Father Drumgoole pronounced the most effective ever delivered in the American pulpit, Father McElroy urged them to aim at the highest perfection. "I always told them," he once remarked to a friend, "that Poverty was not an ivy which should grow on convent walls alone."

We have a flourishing young Society in New York of Georgetown alumni, resident in that city, similar to the one in Philadelphia of which Mr. W. V. McGrath, Jr., Mr. A. A. Hirst, and other

loyal sons of Georgetown in the City of Brotherly Love were the originators. Our first President was Mr. Richard H. Clarke, of the Class of '46, a prominent New York lawyer, brother of the late Father William F. Clarke, and author of the "Lives of Deceased Bishops of the American Church" and other valuable works. Another member, and an ardent Georgetown man, is Mr. Charles A. Hoyt, of the Class of '57. He is a descendant of the old Revolutionary Hoyt family of Vermont, converts to Catholicity, who, like the Barber family, burned their bridges behind them when they took up the march for Rome. Mr. Hoyt is a retired merchant, in affluent circumstances, and an ornament of the Georgetown colony in New York. Mr. Frank Rudd, of the Class of '62, is also a member of the Alumni Society. He is a scholar and wit of my generation at Georgetown, and a successful lawyer in active practice in the great metropolis.

Another lawyer at the New York bar of unusual ability, and likewise a student in my day at the College, is Mr. William V. Leary, who read law in the office of still another Georgetown man, the late John E. Develin, of the Class of '40. Mr. Develin was a man of eminent ability in his profession, distinguished during the latter years of his life as a power in the politics of the Empire State. Mr. Leary has been a close student for many

years, delving down deeply into legal principles and procedure. His specialty is testamentary law, in which field he is probably one of the soundest authorities in the United States. He has long filled the responsible position of Chief Clerk in the Surrogate's Office of New York.

Our Society had its inception in the parlors of Mr. John Vinton Dahlgren, of the Class of '88, an energetic young member of the New York bar, where a number of our Georgetown men met one evening about three years ago, organized ourselves into a Society, and set the ball in motion. Since then much interest has been shown at our stated meetings and annual dinners, and, as there is a large number of the sons of Georgetown in and around New York, there is reason to hope that our young body may grow into a vigorous offshoot of the parent Society at Georgetown.

Mrs. Dahlgren is quite as much interested in Alma Mater as is her husband. The last time I visited the College was to attend the consecration, by Cardinal Gibbons, in 1893, of the Dahlgren Chapel, a Gothic pile erected there by this lady with the bounty of a princess and the piety of a lady abbess. This noble gift-offering to the Jesuits must have cost Mr. and Mrs. Dahlgren, I conjecture, about fifty thousand dollars. The Chapel stands between the old North and South buildings, and lately has been ornamented by the same

donors with stained-glass windows of rich artistic workmanship. The old Chapel for the students on the second floor of the Mulledy building, so well remembered by alumni of a past generation, has been converted to other uses. Holy old shrine! In fancy's glass I again can see Father George Fenwick seated at its altar with one of his sermons before him, rehearsing his beautiful Addisonian sentences. He always was seated when delivering a sermon. Once more Mr. Folchi, a scholastic, is warbling his delicious notes at High Mass, or Father De Wolf, hardly his inferior, pouring forth a solo at Vespers. The scene changes, and behold Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick robed at its altar, raising to the exalted office of the priesthood a Fulton, an O'Callaghan, a Brady, a Young, and a McAtee. Hereafter those sacred offices and pious acts will be performed in the imposing Gothic Chapel, and the orisons of the boys will ascend to Heaven before the beautiful altar which has replaced the modest shrine of old.

Our New York Society held its first banquet at the Hotel Savoy, on the evening of March 1, 1897. My toast was in memory of Fathers Ashton and McElroy, guardians of its temporalities, and the two main pillars in the foundation of Georgetown College. To the former, I said, it is more indebted, after Archbishop Carroll, for its establishment as a Jesuit College; to the latter for

its successful management through the trying years of poverty in the early days than to almost any two others connected with the institution.

Father Ashton was an Irish Jesuit who came to Maryland in 1767, and labored on the missions for many years. A voluntary association of the clergy was formed after the Society was dissolved, and Father Ashton was appointed procurator of the temporalities. His singular talents for administration were so well appreciated that Bishop Carroll, then Father Carroll, in one of his letters to Father Charles Plowden in England, described him as "the most industrious man in Maryland," adding that "it is a pity he could not have the management of all the estates belonging to the clergy in this country; they would yield thrice as much as they now do." Father Carroll's petition to his wealthy Catholic friends in England for aid in establishing the College went out freighted with his best hopes, as my dear old friend Father John S. Sumner once said, but, to our founder's disappointment, it proved barren of substantial results. He appealed to Father Ashton, and the old Maryland Jesuits, who supplied the money to buy the land and build the first house which still dots the College Heights. It was hardly to be expected that the same England which had persecuted the Maryland Jesuits for over a century would now turn round and help them to build the first Catho-

lic College in the United States. It was in every way more fitting that the Maryland Jesuits should build their own College, and pay for it out of their own patrimony. Through the energetic procurator this was done, and the name of Ashton should be held in grateful remembrance by the alumni of Georgetown College. His latter years were not so happy, and he was no longer affiliated with the Jesuits after the restoration of the Order. But he had an edifying death, in 1815, among his former confrères, in Charles County, Maryland.

The next great procurator was Father McElroy, who erected the North, or tower building, in 1808, —a splendid structure for that day,—and managed the finances so well during the hard times after the war of 1812 that he saved enough money to send several bright young Jesuits to Rome, where they completed a course of thorough study, and then returned to infuse new life into every department of the College. James Ryder, the pride of the Maryland Province, Thomas Mulledy, the indomitable Virginian, and George Fenwick, the antiquarian and sweet singer of Israel, were among those young men whom Father McElroy was able to send abroad,—a triumvirate of whom Georgetown, or any college in America, might justly be proud. They carried forward Alma Mater with a bound to a front rank in American education. I do not mean that all this was accomplished with

Father McElroy's own money (a Jesuit has no money); but it was due to his business ability that the money was supplied to bring about these happy results. I have heard old Jesuits say, I added, in closing my remarks, that Father McElroy's services to Georgetown, down to the time that he and the lamented Father Anthony Rey went to Mexico as chaplains in our army during the war with that country, have been among the most solid and substantial which any one person has had it in his power to render to the College. His companion, Father Rey, was murdered by a band of roving Mexican outlaws, thus becoming a martyr to duty as priest and American patriot. The noble Church of St. John's, at Frederick, Maryland, the magnificent Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Boston, together with Boston College, were all reared to the greater glory of God by the same Father McElroy. To Ashton and McElroy—natural leaders of men, architects of grand institutions—Alma Mater owes much,—"the debt immense of endless gratitude."

CHAPTER VIII

THE GASTONS—FATHER GEORGE FENWICK—FATHERS MAGUIRE AND EARLY—CHARLES B. KENNY'S "TAUREA FUGA"—ROBERT Y. BROWN—COLLEGE DAYS BEFORE THE WAR

AMONG my fellow-students at Georgetown in the early fifties were William and Hugh Gaston, only grandsons of the First Student, William Gaston, of North Carolina. They were both fine-looking fellows, William particularly, who was about six feet high, straight as an arrow, and quite martial in bearing. He went to West Point, and became an officer in the United States army. He was killed in one of the Indian wars several years before the beginning of the war between the States. Hugh, the younger brother, was also rather tall, but not so robust. Both brothers were distinguished for high-bred manners, both genial and most estimable young men. Although Hugh was older than I, we came to know each other very well, and afterwards, in 1895, in a monograph on his distinguished grandfather which I wrote for the "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society" of Philadelphia, I gave some details of Hugh's death, who,

like William, fell in battle. My authority for the facts was an intimate friend of the Gaston family, the accomplished Mrs. Mary D. Gouverneur, of Knoxville, Maryland. As the Gastons are so honorably connected with Georgetown College, the following interesting letter which Mrs. Gouverneur wrote to me some years before when I was compiling materials for the Gaston article must find a place in these pages:

"'Needwood,' Knoxville, Maryland,
"Nov. 26, 1889.

"My dear Sir,—Your letter, which I received in due time, would have had an immediate reply, but that I waited to examine the old letters of my cousin, Mr. Outerbridge Horsey, whose father and mother were both extremely intimate with Judge Gaston and his third wife. I am sorry to say that I could find nothing that would be of the least value to you. On my own part, I know that the Judge had but one son, whose name was Alexander, and he was the father of William and Hugh. The Judge had no children with his first wife. Alexander, Susan (Mrs. Robert Donaldson, of New York), and Hannah (Mrs. Governor Manly, of N. C.), were the children of the second wife,—Miss McClure. Of the third wife, Mrs. George Graham (Eliza), and Catherine, who never married. Mr. Hawks, son of the celebrated preacher, married his granddaughter, Hannah Manly, and I think now lives on the estate of Mrs. Graham, which I know she inherited.

"Hugh Gaston died of wounds received at Antietam, and when President Lincoln visited the field, after the battle, he was very much struck with Hugh; and when he discovered he was Judge Gaston's grandson, he was greatly moved, and

wished to do something for him, but he was told he could not be moved, and would surely die.

"Alexander was educated at St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore, and was graduated with great honor at the age of 16 years.

"Judge Gaston graduated at Princeton, and divided the first honor with Judge Philip Pendleton, of Martinsburg, Va. No doubt you know that Judge Gaston was offered a place in Genl. Harrison's Cabinet, I think Attorney-General. In declining it, he said that his services were due to his native State, which had heaped so many honors on him. Such things are not refused in these days.

"I am very sorry to be able to give you so little, or indeed no assistance. I should be so very glad to do it. There are several Manlys living in Baltimore,—the children of Gov. M.'s second wife,—and he himself may be living for aught I know. They might give you some information.

"Hoping you will have great success, I remain,

"With great respect,

"Your obt. servt.,

"MARY D. GOUVERNEUR."

Mrs. Gouverneur alludes to Alexander, the only son of Judge Gaston, but perhaps was not aware that he was a student at Georgetown College. In referring to students there, Father McElroy mentions him in his Diary. "March 19, 1819. Alexander Gaston, Newbern, N. C., made his first Communion." Dr. Shea, in his "Life of Archbishop Carroll," * states that William Gaston was a pupil at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, in 1803.

* P. 607.

This is clearly an error, if he means, as doubtless he does, the North Carolina Judge. William Gaston entered Georgetown College November 10, 1791, its first student, where he remained until the 24th of April, 1793. In the fall of 1794 he went to Princeton, where he was graduated in 1796. He was admitted to the bar in his native State in 1798, and by 1803 he was a leading man in North Carolina. The first choice, in 1842, of the Philodemic Society for orator at the celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims was Judge Gaston, and Dr. Ryder, then President, wrote to him and urged him to accept the invitation. In declining the honor, the Judge said:

"I feel and acknowledge the claim which the College of Georgetown has upon me, its eldest pupil, to join in carrying into execution the celebration which, to the honor of that institution, it has been the first to propose. As a Catholic, I am proud of the heroism of that noble band, who, adhering with inflexible fidelity to the sacred Faith once delivered to the Saints, and carefully transmitted unchanged through ages by the commissioned witnesses of truth, did not hesitate to prefer exile, privation, danger, and death to a hypocritical profession of conformity to the Church by law established; and as an American citizen I can never cease to be grateful for the glorious precedent which they were the first to establish,

and by which it was shown that an undoubting conviction of the truth of one's own Religion is perfectly compatible with tenderness for the rights of conscience in others. . . . Though my years bear but lightly on me in other respects, they have evidently not a little impaired that strength and distinctness of voice which are so necessary to a public speaker. And moreover, as the close of life approaches—calmly and gently as, I thank God, it does come on—I feel a constantly increasing desire, and believe there is an increasing fitness, that I may be allowed to spend the remainder of my days in the discharge of accustomed duties among accustomed associates, remote from public glare, and exempt from the ambition of display. *Solve senescentem.*"

How inexpressibly touching the old man eloquent becomes at the close! A world of humility glows in those two Latin words. Such tenderness it is impossible to convey through the ground-glass of a translation.

What old student that knew him ever hears without the liveliest pleasure the name of Father George Fenwick repeated, or reads about him without similar emotions? How much I loved him, how much everybody loved him! He succeeded that profound scholar Father Daniel Lynch as Prefect of Studies and Professor of Rhetoric in 1855, and held those positions until his death in

November, 1857. "I want to thank you," wrote Father Robert W. Brady, former Provincial, and my very particular friend and teacher, "for your tribute to dear old Father Fenwick." I had written a little memoir of Father George for Dr. Shea's Magazine. "How much," added Father Brady, "I delight to read every word in his praise! He was to me a second father, for whom I felt a real filial affection. But why need I say that? Didn't we all feel towards him in the same way?" Truly, we all did. The list of his ardent admirers would comprise about all the College catalogues, if any were kept, during his day. Michael Delany, of 1832, John T. Doyle, of 1838, Hugh Caperton, of 1841, Father Fulton, of 1842, are but a few among the many who have written tributes of affection and inscribed them to the memory of Father Fenwick. "A bevy of fellows," said Mr. Doyle, "would hang on his words frequently during the whole of a holiday afternoon. He would go off with us on long walks over the hills towards Tenallytown, the Chain Bridge, or the ancient mill on Rock Creek. What a noble tenor voice he had! All the Latin I know, and Greek I once knew, he taught me. I hope the old College continues to uphold the high standard of classical scholarship that distinguished it sixty years ago,—*Consule* Fenwick."

When he came back from Rome he was full of

zeal over the Maryland Pilgrim Fathers, from one of the most distinguished of whom he was descended. This was Cuthbert Fenwick, of Fenwick Manor on the Patuxent River. Cuthbert's progenitors were the stanch Catholic Fenwicks of Fenwick Tower, Northumberland County, England. There was contagion in Father George's words, and Dr. Ryder and he organized the Philodemic Society, and got up the first celebration, in 1842, of the Landing of the Pilgrims. It is incomprehensible why Catholics have allowed that pious custom, begun over a half-century ago with the splendid oration of William George Read, to fall into disuse and neglect.* What a discreditable

* Orations delivered on the Landing of the Maryland Pilgrims. Those under the auspices of Georgetown College were delivered in St. Mary's County, Maryland.

1842. William George Read, Georgetown College.
1843. William George Read, Philadelphia.
1843. Rev. P. Corry, Mt. St. Mary's College.
1843. J. C. Legrand, Calvert Society, Baltimore.
1846. James McSherry, Mt. St. Mary's College.
1847. George H. Miles, Mt. St. Mary's College.
1848. Frederick J. Nelson, Mt. St. Mary's College.
1849. Z. Collins Lee, Georgetown College.
1852. Henry May, Georgetown College.
1855. Joseph R. Chandler, Georgetown College.
1855. Joseph R. Chandler, St. Mary's City.

There may have been others. I have an impression that Rev. Dr. John McCaffrey, the distinguished President of Mt. St. Mary's College, delivered one, but it is not in my list.

contrast we present to the descendants of the Puritans of Plymouth Rock, who have made the Mayflower the Argo of American story! I repeat here the words I addressed to my fellow Alumni of Georgetown in 1888:

"Catholic Forefathers' Day, next to the Fourth of July, should be to us the brightest festival in the calendar of freemen. Oh, when will another Father George Fenwick sweep the chords of melody attuned to the ancestral songs of old St. Mary's and St. Inigoes? Ye who have heard him until the roof-tree 'dripped with song,' can best answer. Tell me, ye sons of the Pilgrims, hangs the harp of the Land of the Sanctuary as mute as that of Tara, never to be heard again? What Timotheus will arise to sweep the strings anew? What silver-tongued Read will appear once more with eloquence like the thunder roll to rouse us from our sloth?"

Dr. Shea declares that Father Fenwick was "the greatest antiquarian of his Order in this century, whose vast knowledge perished with him."† Father Edward H. Welch, in a letter to me, relates the following anecdote: "Father George had a most beautiful tenor voice. On his way to Italy several vessels were becalmed near Gibraltar. An English midshipman sang 'God save the King,'

† Shea's History of Georgetown College, p. 132.

and elicited great applause. The Yankees were reproached with not being able to do anything of the kind, and then Father (then Mr.) Fenwick sang the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' leaving the Englishman far behind." Another old Jesuit, in speaking of this incident, once told me that while the "Star-Spangled Banner" captivated the Americans, it was the "Harp of Tara's Hall" with which young Fenwick electrified all of his hearers off Gibraltar, especially the Irishmen on board the English ships.*

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* To Father George Fenwick was addressed the famous letter of his brother, the Bishop of Boston, formerly President of Georgetown College and founder of Holy Cross College, at Worcester, Massachusetts, in which the death-bed of Tom Paine was described. Bishop Fenwick, when a young priest at New York, on invitation of Paine delivered by his housekeeper, went with Father Kohlmann to visit the infidel in his last hours. Death-bed repentances are rare, and the devil got the victory in the interview which took place between the priests and the poor stricken man. The motive which prompted the invitation must have been a dying person's caprice, or what theologians term velleity. Father Kohlmann opened the conversation, but Mr. Paine lost his temper, and blasphemies thick and fast fell from his fevered lips. Father Ben Fenwick made better headway, and for a short time the author of the patriotic "Common Sense" tracts which flamed like a sword in the Revolution, was gentle and calm, if not tractable, with the zealous son of the Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland.

Presently the Divine name of Christ was uttered by the priest, when the fell spirit, till that moment latent, burst forth

Father Fulton told me many anecdotes and facts about Father George. One of them, which was news to me, was that he had Indian blood in his veins, some Catholic Pocahontas having intermarried with one of his ancestors, and Indian stoicism by inheritance in his character. When he was a boy at the College, he put a lighted pipe in his pocket one day on the approach of a prefect. The fire fell through to his shoe and burned him, but the prefect did not denote a sign of the torture he was enduring from the live coal in his stocking, and passed on after mutual salutations, before the stoical little fellow made any attempt to smother the fire. "He had the finest voice I ever heard," exclaimed Father Fulton. "A musical enthusiast in Rome, one of the old Roman aristocracy, was present there when Father Fenwick sang high mass, and said to him afterwards, 'You should sing in Opera, Father; there is no such voice in Europe as yours.' On another occasion he was singing the 'Marseillaise' in one of our houses in Rome, when a Cardinal was announced, and heard the forbidden anthem. France was indulging in one of its chronic eruptions against the Church at the time. 'What,' said

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again, and the wretched, unbelieving man writhed with rage, and poured from his pallid lips another volley of blasphemies. In pity and horror the priests departed, and left the author of the "Age of Reason" to his own despairing reflections.

he, 'the "Marseillaise" in a Jesuit house?' 'Only an American, your Eminence,' replied the rector, 'blessed with a fine voice.' That rendered it innocent. The first time," continued Father Fulton, "I ever saw Father Fenwick was when I was a boy just entered at the College. He was seated on the porch of the Old Building. One College boy had his arm around his neck, another had taken his beretta and had it on his own head, and a third sat upon his knee." It is a pity that the Jesuits cannot recover Father George's papers and letters. If he lent them to any of the Maryland historians, as I have heard was the fact, it ought to be possible to trace them. But enough; I must hurry on. His birthplace and his grave at the College are only a few rods apart. Two years after his death another grave was dug, and the bones of Father Ryder, companion of his youth, his prime, and his age, were laid by the side of those of Father Fenwick. I have never seen a good picture of Father George, hardly one that reminded me of him. The one reproduced in the College History doesn't look like him at all.

Father Bernard A. Maguire succeeded Father Stonestreet as President when the latter became Provincial in 1852. Father Maguire was a graceful man, clean cut as a greyhound. He added to the uses of a pocket-handkerchief the new one of making it an effective weapon of oratory.

Taking it out of his pocket after he had reached the pulpit, he would unfold it abstractedly while uttering the first words of the sermon. In this way his hands would be spread apart to the length of the handkerchief. On went the deliberate exordium with the white handkerchief playing its part like the sail of a ship unfurled to the welcoming breeze. Then, as if a sudden thought occurred to him which demanded unusual emphasis, such as "Over eighteen hundred years ago the bark of Peter was launched on the sea of Galilee," his arms would be spread out, and the handkerchief in the right hand would flutter like a flag over the sacred bark. The next words perhaps would be, "My beloved Christian brethren," uttered with dramatic, fatherly fervor, when the hands would be clasped together over the handkerchief, which was immediately laid aside as though in the way, now that the decks were cleared for action and Apollo was about to begin. Then the graceful preacher, as if transfixed with solemn feeling, would stand motionless for a space without a word, in an attitude that Roscius or Garrick might have envied.

When a boy in Frederick, Bernard A. Maguire was a special favorite of Father John McElroy, who renewed the face of the earth in that inland Maryland town. I can understand what must have been the bond of sympathy between them. They

were both men of action, of marked executive force. While Father Maguire did not have the power of oratory of Father McElroy, he had a great deal of it, and although not renowned among the great scholars of his Order, like Secchi, Ryder, Mazella, or Fulton, he was well educated, and whatever he said in the pulpit, though it may not have been beyond what Burke called "the sublime of mediocrity," was always effective, because, as Father Fulton once said to me when speaking of him, "you felt that there was a man behind it." He could quell an emeute, subdue a rebellion, and bring back boys to loyal obedience better than any other man I ever knew at the College. He suppressed the great rebellion of 1850, when a large number of the older students went off in a body to Washington, and were issuing pronunciamentos against good little Father Ward, whose enforcement of discipline, in obedience to the orders of his superiors, had precipitated the trouble. Mr. Maguire's magnetic presence was enough. He went out to Washington and talked to the insurgents, and the thing was settled. When President Ryder got home, the outbreak having occurred during his absence, there were clear skies at the College, and affairs were moving along in their accustomed peaceful channels, as though one of the most formidable rebellions in the history of the College had not suddenly swept like a cyclone

over the house, which was controlled and dissipated by the tact and natural capacity for leadership of young Mr. Maguire. This quality of the man rendered him so useful in executive positions that his opportunities for study were abridged, and the busy preoccupation of affairs left him but scant time for the pursuits of literature, and the usual fulness of Jesuit scholarship. He was gifted with the externals of grace of movement, symmetry of form, and that indefinable something called presence in a very extraordinary degree. These captivating attributes served him in great stead in the pulpit and in administration. During his rectorship the number of students increased to between three and four hundred. He built the small boys' house in 1854, a commodious brick edifice adjoining the Old Building on the east, and left the College in 1858 in a high state of prosperity. He was recalled to the presidency after my day, and I am told that his second administration, though retarded by *post-bellum* conditions, was again successful.

He next became a missionary priest, his band consisting of himself, Fathers McAtee, Strong, and my well remembered old schoolmate, Father John Morgan, erstwhile called the Judge. Father Maguire, like Father McElroy, did immense good on the missions by his persuasive delivery and untiring energy. He had never labored in the min-

istry in New York, and when his band came there to conduct a mission at the Church of St. Lawrence he found himself without acquaintances in the great city, and called on me to introduce him to public notice through the press, not through any vanity but *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. I was a resident of New York, and had some acquaintances in Printing-House Square. I received the following note from my old President:

"St. Lawrence's Church,
64 East 84th Street.
"New York, Feb. 19th, 1880.

"My dear James,—Could you not make me a little known in this city? I am a stranger here. I come among people who know nothing about me. You as a friend could help me in my new work of Missions by a notice in some influential newspapers.

"I will see you before I leave the city, and visit your family.

"Your sincere friend,
"B. A. Maguire, S.J."

I at once called on several of the editors, and was more than pleased at the opportunity which they afforded to me of announcing through their columns the arrival at St. Lawrence's Church of the distinguished ex-President of Georgetown University. As a popular preacher Father Maguire always made a most favorable impression, and attracted the multitude. This mission proved no exception, and he and his fellow-missionaries, Fathers John

A. Morgan and George Strong, had the consolation of gathering thousands to the tribunal of penance, among whom were several converts.

As promised in his note, Father Maguire, accompanied by Fathers Morgan and Strong, came to spend an evening with my family and myself at the close of the mission, and many were the reminiscences of College days recalled by us all. This was my last meeting with the old President. He died in Washington, April 26, 1886, after a well-spent, holy life of sixty-eight years, and his body was borne with fitting honors to the College he had loved and served so well.

During the last two years of my College course Father John Early, S.J., was rector. He succeeded Father Maguire at the end of each of his terms. Father Early, a portly, suave gentleman, was a good administrator, very much liked by the students, indeed by everybody, for his heart was full of the milk of human kindness. Over a clever joke his large body would shake with laughter, while his eyes would fill with tears at a tale of sorrow. I took a second course of philosophy, and was therefore at Georgetown during the early part of the war. On the 21st of July, 1861, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, I stood with Father Early on the back porch of the Old Building while the first battle of Bull Run was in progress. At short intervals we heard the ominous

roar of distant cannon, which perceptibly grew more distinct as the afternoon advanced, presaging the defeat of General McDowell. When we saw horsemen over near Arlington galloping like mad towards Washington, and constantly increasing in numbers, and heard guns as the afternoon waned thundering louder than ever, Father Early remarked to me, "The tide of battle tends this way. The Union forces evidently have met with a serious reverse. They may be in here before night. God help the poor sufferers, both Northern and Southern. If they come, every bed in the College shall be turned over to the wounded."

We had not yet become accustomed to great battles and their dreadful carnage. Already for a short time the College had been converted into a barracks, sword and gown mingling on the campus in strange confusion. One day I saw President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, and other public men alight from carriages at the College to review the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, twelve hundred strong, Colonel Corcoran commanding, which, with Thomas Francis Meagher's Legion of two hundred men, occupied the College. After their departure Colonel Cameron's Highlanders, the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, almost as fine a body of soldiers as the New York Sixty-ninth, took possession of the College and crowded the Fathers and students into very narrow quarters.

In the battle of Bull Run, Colonel Corcoran was captured after fighting with conspicuous gallantry, and Colonel Cameron, brother of Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, was killed on the field.

But the public mind, in the sudden plunge from peace to war, had not yet reached the fierce martial tension which came afterwards, and not a little badinage and by-play of the mock-heroic sort appeared in the newspapers and periodicals of the day. One of the most humorous of these effusions was a macaronic poem in doggerel Latin, called "Taurea Fuga by Carolus." I understood that my old schoolmate, Charles B. Kenny, of Pittsburg, who was graduated two or three years before, was the author. As a riotous parody of a Sunday picnic, where a motley throng of sight-seers and their wives, politicians and soldiers were brought together promiscuously, "Taurea Fuga" was a clever hit;

"Turba felix; studiosa videre Virginia races;"

as one of the lines of Carolus depicted them. Poor old General Winfield Scott, who lagged superfluous on the stage from a former generation, commanded in the North; General Beauregard, called by Carolus "*melior patre*," in the South. The parody is too long for reproduction, but I must find room for a few stanzas.

"Arcades ambo; under these duo fulmina belli
Ad pugnam venere. Prior old Scottus commences,
Certus victoriæ, sedebat dozing in Churcho.
* * * * * * *
Austrinus videns nos tam refulgent in armis,
Prudens instanter retreated dolefully backward,
Fugam simulans."

After a while the cunning General Beauregard comes out of his masked batteries, and the impetuous General McDowell pressing on, the battle begins in earnest.

"Jam stetit; instamur; concurritur—though, at a distance,—
Bangere muskets, roare cannon, et crackere rifles
Incipiunt."

The panic followed, to which the defeat was popularly ascribed in those days, for as yet we had not become aware of Stonewall Jackson, who undoubtedly would have captured Washington in short order if they had permitted him to have his own way,—"Stonewall's way," as a clever poet some time after called it; but everybody then insisted it was the panic that caused the rout, and Carolus goes on to describe that monster.

"Adfuit in pugna portentum horribile visu,
That Jupiter unkindly sent, chancing noddere Juno,
Scattering terrores; it panicum nomine dicunt;
Awful as when it routed the Gallic vandals from Delphi.
Tremendum advancit, et straightway made for the Zoo-Zoos,

Ut videre monstrum, and all its horrors, per umbras,
Pars shiveravit in bootibus; pars vertere terga,
Screechere pars, fugiensque in Novo Eboraco halted.
But omnes nos seeing the rout and its horrible causa,
Diffugimus visu exsangues; tremor seizes our knee-joints,
Sumpserit any shape but that, et nos never would tremble.
* * * * * * * *
Woe to the North this unfortunatissima Sunday."

William H. Russell, correspondent of the *London Times*, had left Washington in the morning in great fettle to go to the battle, but came back precipitately, quite as demoralized as the rest, earning by his antics the nickname of "Bull Run Russell," which stuck to him for life. John Gilpin's ride was eclipsed by the wing-footed Englishman, who frantically sought to get away from the Rebels and seek asylum from imaginary pursuers in the house of the British Minister, Lord Lyons. Carolus touches off Russell's flight quite humorously:

"He flies like the wind, et vires acquiret eundo;
Macte nova virtute puer, sic itur ad Lyons!
Shun fields, shun stumps; for medio tutissimus ibis;
Hippomene, go it boy, nunc viribus utere totis,—
Occupat extremum scabies, I'm safe for the present,
Dixit; then writes graphicissimas sketches to Hingland."

The condition of affairs at Georgetown during the few years immediately preceding the war was extremely flourishing. The house was full of students from all parts of the Union; the prepon-

derance of boys from the South was marked. Canada and Mexico, Central and South America were represented. Of the foreigners, Cuba contributed the greater number. The Faculty was strong in all the schools. In theology, philosophy, and the sciences, Fathers Duverney, Cicateri, De Maistri, Ardia, Nota, Sestini, Curley, Clark, and Welch; in the classics, Fathers Lynch, Fenwick, Charles King, Barber, Fulton, O'Callaghan, Brady, Force, Young, McMullen, Prendergast, Strong, O'Hagan, McNerhany, Mullaly, and Bahan; in the modern languages, Fathers Aschwanden, Baumeister (commonly called "Barrister"), and Peters, and many others scarcely less learned and accomplished, each contributed to make the corps of professors and tutors under Maguire and Early exceptionally brilliant, able, and thorough in all the various departments of the College.

How many bright, ingenuous youths and young men were gathered together during those jocund days on the College Heights. How many lusty athletes went bounding over the College campus in the games of foot-ball, hand-ball, running, jumping, and other sports. How many gymnasts of powerful thews and muscles then inhabited the house, expert in all exercises and feats of strength with dumb-bells, weights, parallel-bars, rope-ladders, and swinging-rings in and around the gymnasium. At length came the great upheaval, when

those same collegians sprang to arms in deadly war, some on the Northern side, more on the Southern side, the Blue and the Gray torn asunder only to blend again in fraternal union, and have inscribed the endearing and symbolic names on the College colors of Alma Mater. But what gaps in their ranks those four terrible years produced! Heaven save us from another civil war!

I had at Georgetown a dear friend and classmate, Robert Young Brown, of Mississippi, who went through the fiercest battles of the war, Bull Run, Richmond, Second Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, on to the bitter end, and who came out of the fiery ordeal with honorable scars to die of yellow fever—oh, irony of earth's fleeting day-dreams!—in a few months after he had opened a law-office at New Orleans.* I never think of Bob Brown without understanding better the feelings with which Alfred Tennyson wrote of the friend of his youth, Arthur Hallam, in his great poem "In Memoriam." If ever I met a noble soul, full of genius for high deeds, full of bravery for life's

* A few weeks before his death I received from dear Bob a most affectionate letter, in which he asked me to pay him a visit at New Orleans. That letter, instinct with the genius of the gifted writer, is before me at this moment. For a third of a century I have kept it as a priceless memento of one whom I loved beyond the measure of a brother.

battle, full of mentality and promise of eminence, whatever his calling might be, Robert Young Brown was that man in very truth. His father, ex-Governor Albert G. Brown, was the colleague in the Senate of Jefferson Davis, but I am persuaded, able and distinguished statesman though he was, that his noble son was his superior in talents and force of character.

I think of others, and recollections of gifted collegians crowd thick and fast upon me. Some survive, many have passed away, but still in all the hues of youth there they go trooping through my memory, uneffaced and ineffaceable. Will the reader believe me? though a mediterranean gulf of nearly forty years rolls between that day and this, I can recall in vivid recollection every companion of those College days, every face, but not every name, as though the halls of Georgetown were still alive with them, and I have never failed to recognize any boy I knew at College whenever and wherever I have met him throughout life. Happiness and length of days to those comrades of yore who may yet survive; peace and joy of Heaven to all of them who have entered into their rest.*

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* A few well-remembered names occurred to me as I wrote the closing words of this chapter. If it gives half as much pleasure to old students who may read my pages to see these

One evening about two or three years ago, when I was visiting Mr. John Vinton Dahlgren, in New

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names as it affords to myself, I will be fully rewarded for inscribing them here. Bob Harper, Billy Wills, Bob Ray, Old Hammer (Carrell), Dominick and James L. O'Byrne, Billy and Hugh Gaston, Billy Marye, Harvey Bawtree, Jim and Will Dougherty, Jimmy Randall, Davy Hubbard, George Merrick, John and Tom King, Phil Madden, Cornelius O'Flynn, Charley Kenny, John and Henry Bowling, William Boyce, Charley Hoyt, Bill Choice, Billy, Jim, and Charley Duncan, Madison Cutts, Wilfred Fetterman, John Hamilton, Jim Wise, Enoch Low, John Graham, Henry and Romilly Foote, Bob Brown, Jim Hoban, Pres. Sands, Joe Orme, Jim and John Dooley, Boyd Faulkner, Jerome Bauduy, Leon Michel, Johnny Marion, Henry Clagett, William Price, Victor Benoit, Bill Reilly, Frank Palms, Beverley Kennedy, Emile and Alphonse Rost, Leopold Armand, "Beef" Deslonde, "Buster," Pye, and Eustace Neale, Lucius and Harry Northrup, Johnny Plater, Vernon Smith, "Chin" Miller, Bill Murphy, Isidore Sota, Alfred Macedo, "Old" Guiterez, Demetrius Valdez, Jules Esclava ("Monkey"), Jules Delacroix, Jules Deschapelles, John Laloire, M. Fernandez, Ike and Nick Parsons, Otis Keilholtz, James Owen Martin, M. Duprè, Zeb. Ward, Alf. and Charley Bahan ("Crab"), Beresford Carr, Madison Grigsby, Jim Lester, John and Willy Dawson, "Sunny" Buard, Tom, "Cincy," and Ed. Magruder, "Rit" Leary, Tom Ryan, M. Knoblock, Placide and Paul Bossier, Bill Hodges, Bob Lovelace, Warfield Semmes, Gus Wilson, Bowie and "Fip" Johnson, Bob Johnson, Billy Barrett, Nick Hill, Charley and Theodore Dimitry, Frank Rudd, Billy Leary, Dan Casserly, Henry Brent, Jim Murphy, Tom and Pete Herran, Virgil Dominguez, Tal. Lambert, John Kidwell, "Bub" Ritchie, "Pat" McLeod. (James), M. Mc-

York, a middle-aged gentleman came in, and I said, before his name was announced, "Why, here's Charley Hoyt!" It was Mr. Hoyt, although I had not seen him since 1857, when he was a boy at Georgetown.

Shane, M. O'Dowd, M. Spelissey, M. Zuniga, Albert Young, Joe and William Blandford, Benedict Semmes, Bob and Tom Simms, Ludim Bargy, Frank Baby, Julius Choppin, "Little" Hullihen, Aleck and "Bull" Loughbrough, M. Picquette, J. Escobar, Cypriano Zegarra, John Callan, Patrick Walsh, Jim Doonan, John Morgan (the "Judge"), Frank and Clem Lancaster, Mike Cass, Nat. Goff, Edward White. Why go on? "I came to the place of my birth," says an Arabic manuscript, "and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' And an Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

CHAPTER IX

HARVEY BAWTREE—FATHER E. H. WELCH—LONGFELLOW—CENTENNIAL OF COLLEGE—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S SPEECH—WOODSTOCK SCHOLASTICATE—END

SOME one has spoken of the period of youth as "the blessed age of admiration." How many a village Hampden, mute, inglorious Milton, and Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood, immortalized by Gray, does not the school-boy picture to himself in the companions of childhood, boyhood, and more especially of College life!

"The school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour,"

from Byron down, or for that matter,—"*O formose puer*,"—from Virgil down, has always been and always will continue to be a delightful part of the life of a collegian. I indulged in it. I used to think Harvey Bawtree, my fellow-student, the greatest Richard the Third that ever lived. I had not then heard Edwin Forrest. Harvey would run up and down stairs in the Infirmary, to the amusement of that most excellent man, Brother Johnny Cunningham,—

J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN

Class of '60

"I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells,"—

as well as to the rapid depletion of his own breathing apparatus; then burst on the stage where the play was in progress in the Study Room, shouting as best a breathless king could shout,—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

How we boys applauded! And to tell the truth it was unquestionably very vigorous, realistic acting. Harvey Bawtree was realistic or nothing. Once in his Richelieu, when I was François, he seized me by the throat with a frightful clutch that made me extremely angry, so much so, if I had been big enough, there would have been a fight on the stage not set down in the bills. "What if I fail?" said François. "Fail!" roared the frantic Richelieu, taking a grape-vine twist at my throat, and ferociously backing me across the stage, while I kept protesting helplessly, and telling him in gasps I would hold him accountable outside if he didn't stop choking me,—

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As Fail;"

and then, by way of emphasis, he tossed me from him, as a Spanish bull might toss a matadore, with

the encouraging remark, wildly applauded by the audience, that I wasn't to say fail again. I said to him behind the stage at the end of the scene, "Harvey Bawtree, that was an infernal, outrageous thing to do; a great big giant like you to strangle me nearly to death." "Richelieu, my boy," was the reply, "not Harvey Bawtree, did it;" and he laughed so heartily that I began to laugh too. Imposing and grandiose on the mimic stage, dear old Harvey in real life was a generous, whole-soul fellow whom everybody at the College held in the most cordial affection. He is dead since, having been a lawyer in Canada.

I heard Forrest as Richard the Third and John McCullough as Richmond in the winter of 1864, at the National Theatre in Washington, and that night President Lincoln with his wife and little boy occupied the self-same fatal box where he was so brutally assassinated a few months afterwards. Forrest was grand, and my school-boy vision of peerless Harvey Bawtree vanished like a summer dream when this famous actor, the really magnificent tragedian, played Richard as no other man in America ever could play it.

Mr. George Vandenhoff, the elocutionist, was another of my College wonders. During an earlier year we had had Mr. Tavenner, of Boston, to teach us elocution. Tavenner was quite a cultivated little man, but when the distinguished Van-

denhoff arrived at Georgetown to give elocution lessons he became the College fetich, and the members of his class all voted him incomparable. He had a splendid drum-voiced delivery peculiar to some Englishmen. One evening when he gave a public reading in the Study Room, he took the house by storm. Among his selections was the death of Marmion. He had carried us along with him delightfully, for in tone, accent, and enunciation he was an accomplished artist, but the *pièce de resistance* was Marmion, reserved for the last. We listened spell-bound as he pictured the heady fight, and told of Marmion's prodigies of valor. Presently the hero is struck down, and is writhing in death on the field when tidings come of another charge by his followers. He upraised himself, and summoned his waning strength for his last words:

> "'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
> Were the last words of Marmion."

It was superbly done; superbly? I disdained superbly. There never was anything like it. Vandenhoff was enthroned as my idol, the prince of actors, the wonder of the age.

Many years later Charlotte Cushman played Lady Macbeth in New York, and George Vandenhoff, my old College favorite, acted the part of Macbeth. I attended the play at Booth's Theatre with my family, not forgetting on the way to

extol George of the resonant voice. Presently the tall form of the Scottish Thane appeared, and my man somehow began to shrink. The woman was the better man of the two, and when she swept over to him and said,—

"Infirm of purpose! give me the dagger,"

another of my College wonders was gone, and I didn't half like it either, to have my idol so ruthlessly shattered by that tremendous woman, the Queen of the American stage.

I spent the summer vacations of 1859 in Boston with Father Edward H. Welch, S.J., then as now a member of the Faculty of Georgetown University. A Puritan of ancient Massachusetts lineage, tracing back his pedigree seven generations to an honored ancestor, Christopher Welch, of Plaintree, Devonshire, whose son, the first of the American family, paid a tax-rate in Boston as early as 1687, young Edward was graduated at Harvard in 1840, having had for teachers two of the most famous scholars of the age. The professor of his French and belles-lettres classes was Henry W. Longfellow the poet, and of his class in the Dane Law School was Mr. Justice Story, lecturer on Equity Jurisprudence. In speaking of their methods, Father Welch once told me that Longfellow prepared with care, polished highly, and

read his lectures. Story poured forth a stream of law and equity *ex abundantia cordis*, often enlivened by pleasant anecdotes of Chief Justice Marshall and Mr. Justice Washington.

Mr. Welch went abroad, and at Heidelberg further satisfied his thirst for learning in that ancient University. He became a Catholic, passed a period at Rome and Paris, for a short time was among the Sulpitians in Canada, and then entered the Jesuit Order in the Province of Maryland. Representative of an old Puritan family, the conversion of Mr. Welch to the Catholic Church, like that of his friend Mr. Shaw, created a sensation in Beacon Hill circles. He was the precursor of many later noble converts to Catholicity in the Puritan Commonwealth. The "Brahmins," as Father Fulton used to call the solid men of Boston, were at first shocked by Mr. Welch's going over to Rome, but on sober second thought received him, when he came among them in subsequent days, as an honored guest and worthy representative of their race. Old Mr. Richard Henry Dana, at that time regarded as our poet-laureate, whose daughter also was a convert to the Church, Mr. Longfellow, the greatest of all our singers, and many others among the literary people at Harvard and in its neighborhood, welcomed the Jesuit to Boston whenever he visited his father's house in Louisburg Square, and it was thus that my visit

there in 1859 proved a delightful one to me in every sense of the word.

Father Welch and myself, by special invitation from the poet, visited Mr. Longfellow and his family at Nahant. As we approached the house, which nestled among the rocks over the ocean like Cato's cot at Ithaca, the poet saw Father Welch, and came out from the door with both hands extended to welcome his old Harvard pupil. Mrs. Longfellow, a queenly woman, and her three little daughters were at home. I can never forget that pleasant glimpse of the author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" which this visit afforded to me. An extremely noble-looking woman indeed was Mrs. Longfellow, and her powers of conversation and feminine charm of manner were brought into delightful play that August morning, for the poet was a reticent man, more pleased to listen than to talk. Now and again he would interject a remark or suggest a name, place, or date to show his interest in the conversation, which was principally conducted by Father Welch and Mrs. Longfellow. In their discourse they revisited well-remembered scenes to both of them in Germany, France, and elsewhere in Europe, especially Solferino and Magenta, great Italian battle-fields then just fought between Austria and France, and Naples and Virgil's tomb and epitaph,—*Mantua me genuit*,—all of which topics Mrs. Longfellow touched upon felici-

tously, repeating the whole Virgilian epitaph with scholarly command of the Latin. On her last visit she found everything about the famous tomb, so she remarked, exactly as it was many years previously when she and the Jesuit Father, I think, visited the spot together or about the same time. Occasionally Mr. Longfellow would interpose a remark, and next would be diverted to his three little girls, who were playing in the hall, and sometimes ran into the room to the sofa where he sat, and climbed his knee to say something to him about their gambols and sports. The childish prattle seemed to delight him and distract his attention for the moment from the general conversation. One of the little girls, with bright curls all over her shoulders,—she was, I think, the second of the children in years,—once ran in from the hall and threw herself into her father's open arms to tell him of something particularly pleasing to her which she wanted him to hear and enjoy with her. Not boisterous, not subdued, but in tones perfectly natural and well bred, the children talked as they came and went, and their father would now enjoy the interruptions of the little ones, and then fall into the drift of the more sedate conversation, equally interested in both. Of me, a young collegian from Georgetown, and a stranger to him, Mr. Longfellow's reception was as cordial and frank as though I had been an intimate friend of long

standing. Just two years later the sad calamity befell of which Oliver Wendell Holmes, in contemplating the ideal happiness of the Longfellow household, seemed to have a dim presentiment.* It came to pass with appalling suddenness, when Mrs. Longfellow lost her life by fire, and the poet, in trying to subdue the flames, very nearly suffered the same fate. With maternal love the mother was cutting off the curls of her beautiful children, and putting away the ringlets in boxes with sealing-wax. The ignited wax fell on her light summer dress, and soon she was in flames. Mr. Longfellow, I repeat, in vain rushed to her rescue, and was himself severely burned. The heart of the whole nation was profoundly moved, and beat in sorrowing sympathy with the bleeding hearts of the old Craigie House at Cambridge. I vividly recollect my own sensations when I read of the death of that lovely woman, worthy spouse of the man of most beautiful character in all our American literature.

When I became in after years a student of

* "Curtis once told me that a little while before Mrs. Longfellow's death he was driving by Craigie House with Holmes, who said he trembled to look at it, for those who lived there had their happiness so perfect that no change, of all the changes which must come to them, could fail to be for the worse.—"The White Mr. Longfellow," by William Dean Howells, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1896.

Longfellow's works, I began better to understand his character with that pleasant morning's revelation of himself at Nahant as interpreter. His love for little children was shown on the sofa there in his cottage equally as in his gem of a poem, "Ode to a Child." His modesty made him a listener while his brilliant wife and Father Welch led in conversation, he contributing but brief suggestion, witty side stroke, or timely comment, a self-restraint as natural to him in the domestic circle as the introspection employed in the pages of "Outre Mer," notably in the description contained in the "Pilgrim's Breviary" of a night in the Alhambra, when the stillness was unbroken save by the sentry's cry at the hour's stroke "Ave Maria purissima;" or in the scenes of his "Christus," where, unlike the rasher Milton in "Paradise Regained," who invents speeches for Him who spake as never man spoke, the American poet reverentially sinks himself out of sight with marvellous art, and puts not a single word on the lips of the Redeemer save what He uttered in the Gospels. Again, in "Hiawatha," Father Marquette is crayoned forth using his own words, a discovery but recently made by Father Benedict Guldner, S.J., when examining the writings of the great Jesuit missionary and explorer and comparing them with the noble Black Gown's speeches in the Indian Edda. Longfellow's modesty was as great as his art, and his art is

without a parallel in the present century, if not in Europe, certainly in America.

The two poets who have swayed the English-speaking world most powerfully during the last half-century are Longfellow and Tennyson. The former was the broader poet, as he was not cramped by the same insular training as the latter. Longfellow has not the vehement Saxon dash of the author of the "Princess," but for placidity, sensible fulness, and Christian tone, "Evangeline" presents features wanting to the Laureate. The pagan renaissance of the sixteenth century narrows the scope and marks the limitations of Tennyson. The Christian inspiration which outruns it in philosophy, and rejects its anthropomorphism and passionate idolatry of nature and pagan classical forms, gives the breath of a truer poetry to Longfellow's creations. Greek æsthetics without Christian æsthetics are but as dust and ashes of the sepulchre.

Take, for example, the death scenes, ideal in the "Princess" but real in "Evangeline," and mark the difference between the pagan spirit and the Christian spirit. In the former the soul falls down and worships matter, as if Ovid or Sophocles were depicting the scene:

"I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.
* * * * * *

She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt a cry,
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death;
And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips."

In Longfellow the lovers meet at the death-bed of Gabriel. Observe the difference between the poets in treating of the emotions of love. For long years Evangeline had searched the continent in vain for Gabriel, but at last finds him dying in a hospital. Transported with surprise, joy, grief, she gives way to natural feelings, and then thanks God with Christian resignation as Gabriel dies in her arms. On a pallet before her, as she went among the sick and dying ministering to their wants, she beheld her betrothed husband.

"Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it and started up from their pillows.
Then through those realms of shade in multiplied reverberations
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded,
Whispered a gentle voice in accents tender and saint-like,
'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes, but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank Thee!'"

Since Milton, Longfellow is the most learned of our poets. He was master of eleven languages, ten of which he spoke.* He naturalized a new metre into our tongue, which every English poet who tried it before him, from Spenser down, had failed to do, and many of them, such as Byron, Scott, Poe, and Lowell, declared it impossible to do. They all made the mistake, extremely common to classical scholars, of confounding ancient and modern hexameters, and of supposing the spondee of Homer and Virgil an invariable and necessary factor of English hexameters, which made them harsh and hiccoughy, or, as quaint old Tom Nash wittily said, "English beggars." With such a cast-iron rule it is beyond the power of any human being to write a good English hexameter poem. The silent but mighty revolution in language from quantity to accent, which had been going on as human society grew, was absolutely ignored by English poets from Spenser to Southey.

* In a letter to his father, written in 1825, he says, "I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge. . . . I have somewhere seen or heard the observation that as many languages as a person acquires so many times is he a man."—"Life and Letters of Longfellow," by Samuel Longfellow, vol. i. p. 58.

The indications of its progress were not wholly wanting, even in ancient times. Aristotle, the wisest of philosophers, detected its latent influence when he declared that the iambic measure was the natural rhythm of conversation. Anglo-Saxon runs naturally to iambic accent, because it is conversational and discursive. "There has no more wonderful revolution taken place," exclaims the profound Dr. Whewell, "in the use of human language than that by which the versification of modern Europe took the place of the versification of ancient Greece and Rome." *

Spenser and Sidney followed classic quantity and failed. "Why a God's name," petulantly exclaims the former, "may not we, as the Greeks, have the kingdom of our own language, and measure our accents by the sound, reserving the quantity to the verse?" And he vainly tried to put into English gyves and strait-jackets the old Latin and Greek measure.

To the English language belongs the glory of leading all the modern tongues in every other metre save the hexameter, where, until Longfellow appeared, we dismally failed. Our tongue gave the law to the language of tragedy, with Shakespeare and Fletcher the acknowledged pio-

* Vice-Chancellor William Whewell in the *North British Review*, 1853, article "Hermann and Dorothea."

neers; and gave it again, as Percy's "Reliques" attest, to the measure of ballads; all followed obediently the Anglo-Saxon lead. But Germany and Sweden left England far behind, clinging to classic spondee, a deadly enemy, when Voss and Goethe and Tegnér threw it off and mingled it with trochaic verse, having discovered that accent not quantity was the future arbiter of all human speech. The prophecy of Aristotle was fulfilled when Goethe wrote "Hermann and Dorothea," and Longfellow made the same discovery when he wrote "Evangeline," and in that poem and the "Courtship of Miles Standish" naturalized the dactylic hexameter as a new metre in the English language. *Hactenus hæc.* I am quite forgetting Alma Mater.

The most memorable event or series of events in the history of Georgetown College took place during the three days set apart for the Centennial celebration, February 20, 21, and 22, 1889. I attended the exercises, and found that since my day, under the initiative of the energetic and intrepid rector, Father Patrick H. Healy, S.J., a magnificent new building, facing the main entrance to the College, had lifted its lofty front, covering the whole space to the east of the old north and south buildings, and connecting them all into a grand, continuous group.

The ceremonies on the 22d were the most in-

teresting. On the stage among the members of the Faculty and many alumni, sat Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Corrigan and Ryan, five or six Bishops, and a large number of distinguished clergymen from various parts of the country. Laymen of the highest distinction mingled among the churchmen. The President of the United States and the Secretary of State, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bayard, Chief Justice Fuller, and Associate Justices Harlan and Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States, foreign Ministers, Senators, Congressmen, generals, and naval officers, and famous men of letters and in the liberal professions, literally crowded the spacious platform from end to end. There sat the scholarly Chancellor of Harvard, Dr. Thomas Dwight, in his picturesque robes of office, and the learned Chancellor of Georgetown, Father Edward H. Welch, another son of Harvard, in the historic soutane of Loyola. Dr. Welling, President of Columbia, and the rectors of many other Colleges, swelled the lists of notabilities, perhaps as imposing in numbers and celebrity as ever were assembled together in any institution of learning in this country. They had come to extend greetings and all hail to Georgetown on the completion of its first century, or, as I have contended elsewhere, on the completion of its two hundred and fifty-fifth year.

As Father Welch arose to deliver the Chancel-

lor's Latin address the scene was striking, the rationale of the occasion presented to the thoughtful mind agreeable reflections and contrastive memories. There sat Puritans and Cavaliers who had been crossing swords from Worcester, England, in the seventeenth century, to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in the nineteenth, now gathered like a band of brothers beneath the roof-tree of the Jesuits, who had come over in the Ark and Dove, under the ægis of Lord Baltimore's charter, to plant the Cross in English America. Cleveland, Dwight, and Welch, of the race that came in the Mayflower; the Carrolls, Lees, and Tuckers, and other representative Cavaliers, whose sires sprang from the hives of St. Mary's and Jamestown, all assembled, Cavaliers and Puritans, to honor Georgetown on its anniversary. The two great fighting divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, which under the standards of the Stuarts or in the armies of Old Ironsides or the Duke of Cumberland, from Marston Moor to Culloden, had waged relentless war against each other, were met here in peace at last, of all places in the world the strangest, in the house of the long hated and persecuted Jesuits, old animosities gone with the years beyond the Flood, and the only watchword now, as President Cleveland said, "good American citizenship," or as Cardinal Gibbons said, "*Prospere procede, et regna.*"

My own thoughts reverted on this historic occasion to scenes quite different. I beheld, in imagination, Father Andrew White banished from Maryland and sent back in chains to England; Father Sebastian Rasle murdered at Norridgewock; Father Frambach fleeing from Virginia, whither he had journeyed to carry the Bread of Life to some dying Catholic, and saved by the fleetness of his horse from the bullets of his pursuers; Father Francis Neale stoned in the streets of Alexandria during the last decade of the eighteenth century; as Father Ryder was twice pelted with stones in the streets of Washington City, on towards the middle of the present century; Monsignore Bedini afterwards mobbed in Cincinnati; and Father Bapst still later tarred, feathered, and ridden on a rail in the State of Maine. Zeal above knowledge is fanaticism, and the worst of all fanatics are religious zealots when once they become persecutors.

How happy a revolution had brought us to this day! Here in the mother-house of the Jesuits, among the sons of old Maryland Cavaliers, were the illustrious men of Virginia, Massachusetts, New York, and other States, none the less Protestants because they were tolerant, or, if I may again borrow President Cleveland's expression, "good citizens," foregathered in brotherly love among the Jesuit Fathers of Georgetown College and their Catholic fellow-citizens. How vast the change

mirrored forth this day in Gaston Hall! how grandly America had grown in charity, the divinest of all the cardinal theological virtues!

In the throng were descendants of William Gaston, whose name bestowed on the Hall in which we sat is a household word at Georgetown; of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Catholic Signer; and I think, too, of the most celebrated of Georgetown scholars, Robert Walsh, our Consul-General to Paris, author of "An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain," and of the "Didactics." Robert Walsh preceded James Russell Lowell and Washington Irving as the scholar in politics, and from the day when he, a boy student, welcomed George Washington in a poetical address to Georgetown College, to that when he departed this life in France, the Nestor of the guild of American letters, he was honored everywhere as scholar, gentleman, and Catholic. The venerable Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., sent fatherly greetings. The most ancient Universities of Europe and America vied with the youngest in fraternal messages. Several thousand people gathered there to take part in the festivities. Already Father James A. Doonan, Mr. (afterwards Judge) Martin F. Morris, Monsignor Thomas S. Preston, Mr. Condé B. Pallen, and other scholarly men had laid their tributes upon the College shrine. In choice and eloquent phrases Cardinal Gibbons recalled College memorabilia,

and paid tribute to the ability and holiness of the great Archbishop Carroll, founder of the College. In a forcible speech President Cleveland pictured the joy and pride of Georgetown College alumni on the auspicious anniversary, and, enlarging upon the value of a sound education, such as this institution gave, pleaded the duties of American citizenship as incumbent upon every individual, and closed by wishing for the College, as it has had in the past, a future army of patriotic and learned alumni.

As the ceremonies drew to an end the shades of evening were falling, and cannon thundered without, reverberating over the Heights and down the beautiful river to and beyond Mount Vernon. Hundreds of alumni after years of separation met on the inspiring occasion, and felt and said in every look and word that Alma Mater was Queen, robed in her hundred years of collegiate life and her two centuries and a half of academic training. Well might Father Richards look happy and triumphant, for he had done his work well as rector of Georgetown College in the Centennial year. Perhaps the second century of the College will have come and gone before those halls again shall witness another celebration to rival that of which a faint portrayal has been here attempted.

The crying want of the American Church had long been a proper training-school for priests.

There were several good ones, but the far-seeing Provincial Father Angelo Paresce conceived the scheme of a great one, such as the old canonists of the middle ages, or the Jesuits who carried the *Ratio Studiorum* to the summit of excellence, had established in Europe. To lay properly all foundations of university training, such a school, such a fountain of religious education, was wanting, and Father Paresce supplied it when he founded the incomparable Woodstock Scholasticate. His strong will controlled and directed all with a firmness not inferior to that of Archbishop Carroll in the early day. Fortunate, indeed, were its beginnings. A giant mind of almost universal training in dogma and morals was found ready at hand in the person of Father Camillus Mazzella, S.J., to guide the institution in its infancy. A Petavius in learning and almost a Suarez in genius (I employ the words of the late Father William F. Clarke), he entered upon the noble work, and when after some years he was called away from Woodstock to become a Cardinal, and perhaps some day a Pope, Father Mazzella left his Scholasticate, prolific feeder of Georgetown, the greatest ecclesiastical Seminary on this continent. From that Tusculum we old alumni expect streams of the higher education of the future to flow in upon the mother-house.

O ye doctors of the Teaching Order, usher in at Georgetown Saturnian days. Wheeling into

space, yonder the new century comes. May my eyes behold Alma Mater, before I have tasted of death, circling in pride of place, a modern Salamanca or Alcala, a Catholic University such as was dreamed of by Carroll and striven for by Ryder, a seat of learning like one of those founded by the Jesuits in the days of Acquaviva or of Retz, when the *Ratio Studiorum* led Europe in science and classics, in philosophy and fine arts.

"The course of truth," says Cardinal Newman, in his sketch of the "Rise and Progress of Universities," "never dominant in this world, has its ebbs and flows. It is pleasant to live in a day when the tide is coming in. Such is our own day. . . . A new era seems to be at hand, and a bolder policy is showing itself. In particular, the Church feels herself strong enough to recommence the age of Universities."

I close my little volume with cordial salutations to all the sons of Georgetown. School-boy friendships are among the most unselfish of human ties. Old and young, wherever you abide, may the Lord love you, Boys.

APPENDIX

DURING the lifetime of Mr. Charles A. Dana, the distinguished editor of the New York *Sun*, the following editorial appeared in its columns. Mr. Dana was a Protestant, but always discussed Catholic questions with a fairness in keeping with his eminent ability.

(*From the Sun, February 25, 1895.*)

"THE GEORGETOWN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

"Especial interest attaches to the University at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, because this was the first Catholic institution of the higher learning founded in the United States, students having entered it as early as 1791. Since 1805 it has been under the direction of members of the Society of Jesus. In 1815 it acquired from Congress the power of conferring ordinary degrees, and in 1833 it received from the Holy See authority to grant degrees in philosophy and theology. It deserves the name of university for the reason that, in addition to the College proper, or school of arts and sciences, it comprises an astronomical observatory, a law school, and a school of medicine. If the requirements for admission to the professional schools seem inadequate, when compared with the conditions imposed in Germany, the shortcoming is common to almost all American institutions, while the precautions taken at Georgetown to assure the proper significance to the A.B. degree are deserving of very high commendation.

APPENDIX

"The faculty and officers of Georgetown University number 66, and there are 512 students, exclusive of 177 in the preparatory department. If we look at the classification by residence, we find that 68 students come from the District of Columbia, 97 from the five States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, 26 from New England, and that 24 other States are represented by from 12 to 1 each. There are also undergraduates from Central America, Cuba, Canada, and France. We have referred to the preparatory department, which is a distinctive feature of this institution, and is intended to qualify boys for entering the College proper. The prescribed age for admission to this school is now thirteen, and a candidate must have received a good elementary training in what are known as the English branches, including a thorough acquaintance with arithmetic to the end of percentage. The graduates of this school, in which the study of Greek and Latin is compulsory, are admitted to the College proper as a matter of course. From other preparatory schools of established reputation students are admitted on the principal's certificate, but that a knowledge of the classical languages is demanded is clear from the examination which all applicants not provided with acceptable certificates must pass. The subjects of the examination comprehend English composition, a general outline of ancient and modern history, and the elements of either French or German grammar. In arithmetic an applicant must offer the whole of arithmetic, algebra to the end of quadratics, and the elements of plane and solid geometry; in Latin, the entire grammar, including prosody, Nepos's Lives, two books of Phædrus's Fables, selected letters of Cicero, two books of Cæsar's Commentaries, and a thousand lines of Ovid's Metamorphoses; in Greek will be required a complete knowledge of etymology and an acquaintance with the outlines of syntax, two books of Xenophon's Anabasis, and certain of Lucian's Dialogues. As regards facility in prose composition, the candidate must

translate at sight complex sentences into Latin and simple sentences into Greek. A careful inspection of these requirements will convince the reader that Georgetown may fairly be compared, from this point of view, with most of the leading American universities, and that it is actually more exacting than Harvard, where a knowledge of Greek is not demanded of applicants.

"It should further be remarked that at Georgetown an undergraduate is not permitted to abandon the classical languages soon after entering college, but is obliged to study them during the first three years of the quadrennial course leading to an A.B. degree. This is the only American College known to us where the student is for three years trained in speaking as well as in writing Latin, and in reading it at sight. The Latin authors with which a Georgetown man must become conversant comprise the whole of Horace, the Æneid and Eclogues of Virgil, Juvenal, Sallust, Livy, and the Agricola and Germania of Tacitus, Quintilian, and the Orations, Letters, De Senectute, and De Amicitia of Cicero. In Greek an undergraduate must read the Iliad, the Hellenica of Xenophon, the Olynthiacs and De Corona of Demosthenes, and the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. In mathematics, which he cannot avoid by a soft elective, he must have finished algebra, and mastered analytic geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, and the differential and integral calculus. He must carry on the study of that modern language, French or German, which he offered for admission, and must also acquire the rudiments of the alternative one. Other prescribed studies during the two last years of the course are chemistry, mechanics, physics, astronomy, and geology; and naturally a good deal of attention is paid to logic, metaphysics, and ethics. Altogether it is evident that an excellent education is attainable in the College proper at Georgetown, and that its A.B. degree possesses the value which ought always to pertain to a diploma of the kind. We add that the master's degree is given not as

a matter of course, but only to those holding the corresponding baccalaureate degree after one year of residence, during which certain prescribed lectures have been attended and certain examinations have been passed.

"The number of students in the medical school belonging to the Georgetown University is 135. The complete course of study in this department comprises four sessions of seven months each. At the end of each session written examinations are held, and no student failing to pass these can obtain an M.D. degree. Unfortunately, the possession of a College education is not required for admission, nor indeed is it by any medical school in the United States. The graduate of any high school or academy may enter the medical department of Georgetown, but on other candidates a preliminary examination is imposed. In the law school, which has 267 students, no examination for admission is prescribed, and it follows that young men having merely a common school education are admissible. The course leading to the degree of bachelor of laws covers only two years, but there is a post-graduate course open to those desirous of securing also a master's degree. We should note that these diplomas are conferred only upon those who successfully pass examinations in the several subjects of study, and thus an effort is made to compensate for the deficiencies which, owing to the freedom of admission to the school, must be observable in many of its students.

"On the whole, there can be no doubt that under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers a great deal of sterling work is done at Georgetown in the field of the higher education. The progress made by this institution is the more remarkable because it is unendowed and destitute of pecuniary resources save the income derived from the fees of students. Yet much as this struggling University may have felt the need of money, it has firmly refused to swell the number of its undergraduates by lowering the requirements for its A.B. degree."

APPENDIX

Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in his History of the College, has an admirable passage upon the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Jesuits. No layman in America understood the subject better. I have often talked with him on educational questions, and recall with profound admiration the depth and justice of his views. He was my dearest and most intimate friend in New York, and when he died the American Catholic Church mourned its greatest historical scholar. I must find room here for an extract from his lucid remarks.

(*From Shea's "History of Georgetown College," p. 82 et seq.*)

"THE RATIO STUDIORUM.

"When the Society was restored, in 1814, she could not of course regain everywhere, at a single bound, the pre-eminence she had formerly enjoyed in matters of teaching. The manner of her restoration was so different from the gradual organic development which had marked her original establishment, and the evils which she had to face, wrought during her period of death, by that general upturning of society called the French Revolution, were so formidable and so engrossing that she found but little of the scholarly leisure and repose necessary for the formation of ripe scholars and eminent teachers.

"Yet in a very short time almost incredible advances were made, and when, in the year 1824, Leo XII. restored to the Jesuits their Roman College, they were able to provide it with professors in the various Faculties not unworthy of its ancient renown.

"At the period of the foundation of the Society, a great

change was coming over the face of the civilized world. New ideas were taking root in the minds of men, the old systems were on the verge of decay, and even the great universities, which for centuries had been the creators and rulers of thought, were about to be swept away. The great founder of the Society saw well that ideas can be combated only by ideas; that education was the only weapon against the coming foe. He therefore instituted a body of teachers to mould and form the minds of the young. Time, however, is required to fashion a great idea into a working system, and it was not until many years after the death of St. Ignatius Loyola that the Ratio Studiorum came forth as a great organized system of education. . . .

"In the year 1832 the Ratio Studiorum was thoroughly revised and adapted to modern requirements by a commission appointed by Father General John Roothaan, in virtue of a recommendation of the Twenty-first General Congregation, and this revision is now universally employed in the Society, so far as the circumstances prevailing in different countries admit of its application.

"There are some faults for which the Jesuit system of discipline has no mercy, and in the first place is found the vice of impurity. For this crime the only punishment is expulsion, since contamination is looked upon as the greatest evil that can be spread amongst the young. Hence the virtue of purity is fostered with all possible care and solicitude, and even Protestants have borne witness to the high moral purity of Jesuit students.

"With regard to the method of teaching to be observed, we cannot do better than to quote the words of a German Protestant who holds a prominent place in the work of modern education. Mr. Körner, in his 'History of Pedagogy,' thus writes of the Jesuits: 'The Jesuits founded an educational system which was the best in its time, and soon won for itself well-merited fame throughout the world. It is the

fashion to represent the Jesuits as heartless beings, malicious, cunning, and deceitful, although it must be known perfectly well that the crimes imputed to them are historically groundless, and the suppression of the Order in the last century was due entirely to the tyrannical violence of Ministers of State. It is only our duty to justice to silence the folly of such as declare the Jesuit system of education to be nothing but fanatical malice, and a corruption of the young. The Jesuits were the first educators of their time. Protestants must with envy acknowledge the fruitfulness of their labors; they made the study of the ancient classics a practical study, and training was with them as important as education. They were the first school-masters to apply psychological principles to education; they did not teach according to abstract principles, but they trained the individual, developed his mental resources for the affairs of practical life, and so imparted to the educational system an important influence in social and political life. From that period, and from that system, scientific education takes its rise. The Jesuits succeeded in effecting a moral purity among their pupils which was unknown in other schools during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.'

"The writer has well expressed the Jesuit system; its end and object is to educate not merely in the limited sense in which that word is usually taken, to express simply the imparting of information: training is the object to be sought for; the mind must be disciplined, and, above all, the character must be formed. The axiom that knowledge is power is no doubt true, but it may be power for evil as well as for good. The principle running through the whole Jesuit system is that knowledge for its own sake is worthless; and, indeed, this must seem evident, for it is only a knowledge used according to the dictates of right reason, and morality that can purify and elevate, and to purify and ennoble should be the end of all science.

"The influence of this principle is seen in the paramount

importance given in the Jesuit plan to religious training. It could not be otherwise with a body devoted entirely to the service of religion and the Church.

"Hence, also, those rules, recurring everywhere throughout the Ratio, which direct the teacher to aid his pupils as much by his prayers for them, and by the good example of a truly religious life, as by his formal instructions. He must give them exhortations from time to time, especially on the eves of great festivals. He must lead them to habits of prayer, to daily attendance at Mass, to examination of conscience, to the frequent and devout use of the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. He must strive to induce them to practise particular devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, and to His Blessed Mother, and for this purpose Sodalities are instituted among the students. His influence must help them to shun vicious habits of every kind, and to practise virtues worthy of a Christian. The teacher must watch over the reading of his scholars, suggesting good books, and using every effort to deter them from the use of dangerous or licentious literature.

"To the methods and spirit of the Ratio Studiorum Georgetown University has always been faithful, so far as the circumstances of time and place and available material in scholars and teachers would permit; and in this fact is found the explanation of her great success, and of the exceptionally large proportion of her graduates who have attained distinguished positions no less in literary and learned professions than in the practical management of affairs."

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MC LAUGHLIN, J.F. 7226

AUTHOR

College Days at Georgetown

TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	ROOM NUMBER
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	Costello	
	Cunn	
	Leahy	
	Cunn	

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